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WEEK ENDING JUNE 27 1925

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Liberty

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A Weekly for Everybody

In this Issue

IS THE NOBILITY DECAYING?

By
W. L. GEORGE

J. H. STRIEBEL

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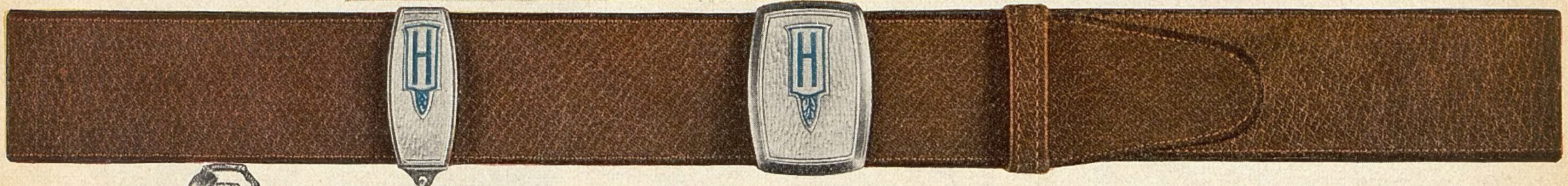

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HICKOK

BELTS BUCKLES BELTOGRAMS

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IGNORANCE of physical facts never brought happiness to any woman.

Wrong information is often worse than no information, and feminine health is too important, too vital a matter to be regarded in a haphazard way. Unless there is frank discussion, there can be no real enlightenment. The modern woman wants to know the truth and then judge for herself. She wants the benefit of every new idea.

Recent advances in practice of feminine hygiene

The recent advances in the practice of feminine hygiene have all come about as an answer to one existing evil. And that is the *evil of poisonous antiseptics:* Every physician and nurse is familiar with the effects when delicate tissues come in contact with bichloride of mercury or the compounds of carbolic acid. Yet, until lately, there was no other recourse for fastidious women who demanded an efficient cleansing agent—who demanded a true antiseptic insurance against disease germs.

Every woman has reason to welcome Zonite

But fortunately, this state of affairs is now a thing of the past. No longer need a woman run the risk of using powerful poisons for the purpose of feminine hygiene. No longer need she fear accidental poisoning in the home—a calamity all too common when the poison bottle is left within the reach of little children who can not read the "skull-and-cross-bones" warning. No longer need she face any of these dangers, for *Zonite* has arrived.

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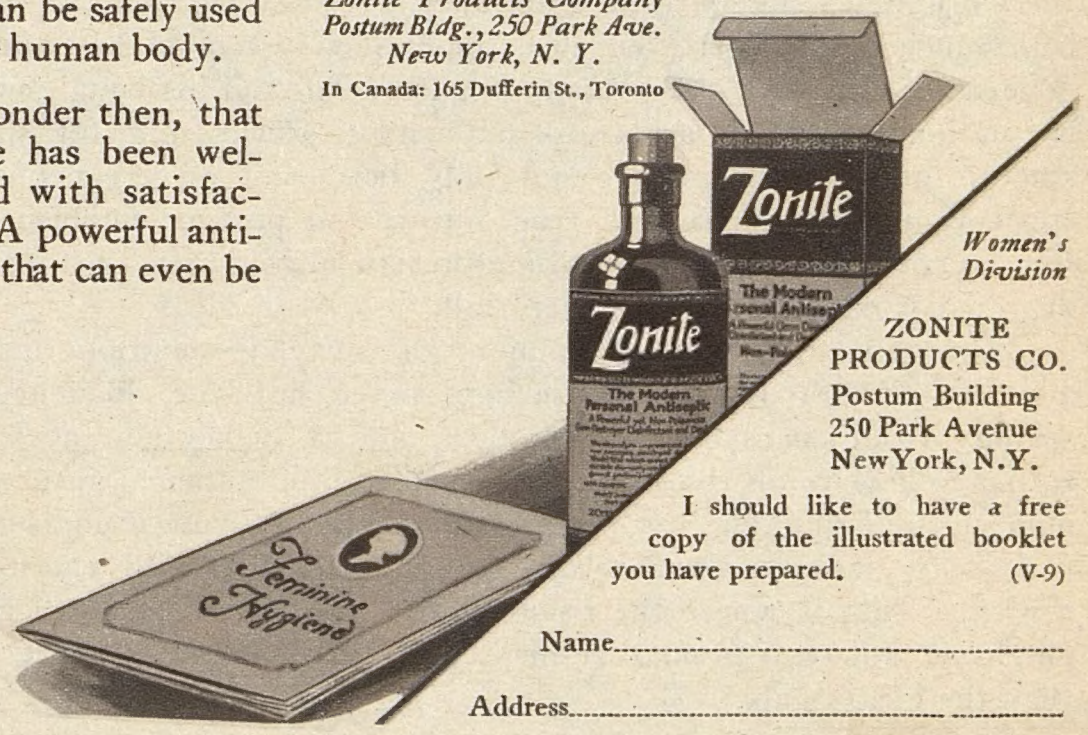

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JUNE 27, 1925

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

BOY ORATORS

A few weeks ago a jury of distinguished Americans, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court as chairman, awarded prizes in a national contest of youthful orators. The contest was held at the national capital and was the culmination of local contests in every section of the country. The newspapers gave much publicity to this event and the winner of the first prize received $2,000. He is aged fifteen and has been acclaimed at home since the age of nine as a "born orator."

The subject of the orations was our Federal Constitution.

Although this proceeding apparently had the approval of educators, for the contests, we believe, were held under the auspices of the schools, we ourselves are assailed with doubt of its benefit to the young participants, to say nothing of such effects as it may have had on their elders. We may concede that the study of the Constitution even by a lad of fifteen must be beneficial to him and we favor a sensible course of study of our political system and principles in the public school. School debates on this subject unquestionably would be useful for the training of young Americans. But to bring girls and boys in their teens to the national capital to orate before the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court on a subject with which neither their experience nor their stage of mental growth fits them to deal seriously is surely a mistake. We do not think so much limelight is good for any young ego. A lad of fifteen—who has heard since he was nine his indiscreetly admiring elders whisper that he is a "born orator"—is likely to cherish an inordinate estimate of his importance when the Chief Justice of the United States has listened to his views on our fundamental law and placed the bays upon his Ciceronian brow.

Perhaps we are old-fashioned, but the affair seems to us calculated not only unhealthily to exaggerate the ego of a type of youth by nature not disposed to underestimate itself but also to put an undesirable premium on the faculty of mere oratory. We do not deny the great value of oratory, but apart from the value of the thought of which it is the vehicle it is of little worth to the world and is likely to be a nuisance. A lad of fifteen cannot have much beside borrowed ideas about our system of law and government, and when we summon such a lad and his equals to the national capital in a blaze of publicity to reward him for his smooth generalities we are not only betraying an erroneous conception of the sources of true oratory but putting emphasis, for the confusion of both youth and uncritical maturity, on form divorced from substance, on mere talk instead of ideas.

The power of shaping opinion, of swaying emotion and directing thought is of immense importance, but true eloquence springs from character and intellect, and a democracy needs rather to beware of "born orators" than to follow them. Sincere, modest, hard thinking, not platform display of borrowed phrases and ideas, deserves our acclaim and in after life will win its reward. That is where the trustees of youth should place their emphasis, not on a premature display of what may be no better than the gift of gab.

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IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

George Ade's Funniest Play

TWO plays, in fact—a good, old-time dash of mellerdrama, with a Handsome Reptile, a Sobbing Heroine and everything, and a satisfying picture of the Lordly Male getting the worst of it in the modern manner. You see, Mr. Ade had the quaint notion—but to tell more would spoil it. *The Persecuted Wife: 1885 vs. 1925* is the title, and it's a scream.

GEORGE ADE

W. W. Jacobs, long famous for his comic tales of the sea, has a startlingly different kind of story in the coming issue—a tense, gripping human drama called *The Interruption*. Poe might have written it.

W. O. McGeehan contributes a rollicking race-track story, *Those Fearful Fillies*, with a reminiscent chuckle in it for every lover of horses and the eternal feminine.

Royal S. Copeland, physician and United States Senator from New York, has been applying his medical knowledge to observation of the public men he finds in Washington. His conclusions will appear next week in a remarkable article on waistlines and wisdom, entitled *Do Statesmen Dig Their Graves with Their Teeth?*

Roy S. Durstine, who has a gift for seeing the droll side of the daily grind, writes about *Some Business Bunk*—specifically, that great American institution, the conference.

Walter Davenport, in *Where Are You Going This Summer?*, discusses some stimulating vacation possibilities.

And, of course, there will be more of *Billy Evans'* baseball reminiscences and *Margaret Turnbull's* absorbing serial, *Madame Judas.*

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THE professional smuggler is no fool. He buys from people he trusts.

An Expose of the Exciting but Highly Hazardous Business of Imposing Upon Uncle Sam

Pictures by
GLEN A. MITCHELL

What Chance Have You *to* Smuggle?

By
WALTER DAVENPORT

"THE wife says to me that there's a wow of a movie up Broadway," said the veteran customs inspector. "Well, I'm working the Leviathan that day, which is no trip to Coney Island, and I'm tired. But to keep peace in the family I put on my hat and go along with her, and I'm here to tell you that it was the bunk.

"Somebody's written a story about smugglers and has them looking like a fancy dress ball at the Ritz. Why, to see that picture you'd think all smugglers was handsome, with elegant manners and good singing voices. I give you my word, I never saw such guff in my life.

"On the way home, the wife says that there is something fine and romantic about smugglers, and I don't put up any argument because everybody's a smuggler at heart and I ain't knocking my own wife when I say she'd take a chance with a string of pearls or a bunch of diamonds the same as anybody, because, as I say, everybody's a smuggler at heart."

After some insistence I inveigled the old boy to answer the few questions which, to me at least, present themselves most frequently when the newspapers inform us that So-and-So, with a hundred thousand dollars' worth of undeclared jewels on his or her person, has been intercepted at the dock.

How did the government know this person was bent on smuggling? Who told the government to grab this particular voyager? Where did the information come from?

About eighty per cent of the information against smugglers, I learned, comes to the government from persons not in its employ. A quite negligible fraction of these informants are, I regret to say, motivated by patriotic reasons. Almost all of them ask financial reward with the same breath or the same pen stroke which carries the information.

For this reason the last Congress made an appropriation of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars which is to be used in gathering information which will defeat the purposes of the smuggler. It is possible, under the law, for an informant to get as much as fifty thousand dollars for a single tip. There is at least one

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIVE]

instance where the reward was thirty-four thousand dollars.

Therefore it must be clear that, if business were brisk, the hundred and fifty thousand dollars would not last long. But instead of drawing upon this fund for all rewards, the Treasury Department is empowered to pay the tipster twenty-five per cent of the amount recovered by way of fines, duties, and receipts from the sale of the goods confiscated. The reward may not legally exceed fifty thousand dollars, but at the discretion of the Treasury Department it may be more than twenty-five per cent of the salvage.

Generally speaking, there are three classes of persons from whom the government gets tips on smugglers. There are those who, self-appointed, are smuggler sleuths in the interests of their own pockets. Some of them are commission men, traveling back and forth across the Atlantic. Some are free lances of commerce, with no definite affiliations, but merely looking for something which they can acquire cheaply and dispose of to an American house at a huge profit. These men are always on the alert.

THEN there are those informants who seek to save themselves from ruinous competition. For example, the legitimate jewelry importers have, through their associations, declared war upon the smuggler. They pay high duties on diamonds and pearls, and find it difficult to view without interest the importer who sneaks his gems through and is able to dispose of them at greatly reduced rates because he has not paid duty.

In this class we may put the foreign jewelers themselves and their employees. The European jewel markets are populous with spies. If you, for example, buy fifty thousand dollars' worth of stuff the chances are that the American consul or the agent of a large retail jeweler in America will know it soon after the deal has been closed. Before your ship docks in New York—long before—the customs authorities have note of your purchase. And if those jewels are not on your declaration prepare for embarrassing questions.

The third order of informants comprises the disgruntled employee, the discharged servant, the jealous neighbor.

Madam returns from Europe with new and magnificent jewels. Her maid goes into ecstasies and eventually, if not immediately, madam, by hint or direct statement, tells the purring maid how cleverly she eluded that little matter of paying duty.

In due time the maid desires better wages and is refused. Or madam, in a temper, dismisses her. The discharged maid ponders the advisability of telling the police. The police refer the woman to the customs officials, who will call in the special agents of the Treasury Department. Madam is in for it.

Or a merchant adds to his stock an assortment of smuggled goods. He has in his employ a clerk who is receiving two thousand dollars a year and has been informed that he need not look for more. Here is an actual case involving just such an employer and employee.

This clerk wrote, anonymously, to the Treasury Department asking his reward if he could lead its representatives to certain facts demonstrating smuggling. In a few days he was asked to present himself in the offices of the customs inspectors and was assured that every word he uttered would be held confidential.

An investigation showed that his erstwhile employer had defrauded the government to the extent of thousands of dollars. Such was the case against the merchant that he capitulated and agreed to pay eighty thousand dollars. Promptly the Treasury Department granted the informer twenty thousand dollars—ten years' worth of the old salary.

In one case a particularly patronizing woman appeared at a country club affair, shortly after a trip to Europe, wearing a stunning gown and a rope of genuine pearls.

She gave herself such airs with her new finery that she incurred the additional dislike of a woman who had never loved her, anyway.

"Like this dress?" she would ask. "Well, I fetched over three others even better. Think these pearls pretty? My dear, they cost thousands of dollars in Paris and would have cost at least twice as much here in America. And would you believe it, I just didn't declare them and the customs people never knew the difference."

Within a week the customs people knew all about it. An inspector called upon the lady, who promptly broke down and confessed. Her betrayer received largely of revenge and monetary reward. The unhappy woman doesn't yet know who told on her.

All this sounds simple enough. One might, reading thus far, very easily get the impression that our customs inspectors spend virtually all of their time, between ships, waiting for something to turn up—for someone to tell them that there is smuggling going on.

Such an impression would be wholly erroneous. The experienced inspector can almost smell the smuggler, and it is after he has scented the game that his hardest work be-

SOME are commission men, traveling back and forth across the Atlantic. Some are free lances. These men are always on the alert.

gins. He must be diplomatic. He cannot afford to offend. He is never quite sure what he is headed for once he starts a blind investigation. He may accumulate nothing but trouble.

The professional smuggler is obviously no fool. He buys that which he intends running in from people he trusts, in markets he knows. He buys under an assumed name and pays with cash. In so far as it is possible he leaves no trail behind. Then, if he is accused, those who investigate will have no easy time getting that evidence that the courts will surely require.

There seems to be no secret about the use the government makes of steamship stewards. It is a poor cabin steward who is not pretty conversant with the personal affairs of those passengers to whom he caters. Before the ship docks he is quite apt to know your secrets, and smugglers have learned to their sorrow that it is hard to bribe a steward with fifty or a hundred dollars when he sees within his reach ten or twenty or thirty times that amount.

They tell of one steward who agreed to fetch ashore several expensive ropes of pearls and is now thinking it over in jail. In one of the cabins which this steward served there was a woman who had bought the jewels in London. On the way to New York something made her believe she was being watched. She took the steward into her confidence. If he would fetch the pearls to her at such and such a hotel she would give him five hundred dollars.

Her baggage was passed through without a struggle. The agents were almost perfunctory in their examination of her bags and trunks. But on the following day, when the steward was leaving the ship he was arrested. The pearls were found in his possession. A fellow steward had informed on him.

And then there is the story of the young lawyer who, tiring of a briefless existence in Boston, sold all that he had and moved to Paris. Later he returned to Boston with all the pomp and circumstance of a rich oriental. He confessed to having made about fifty thousand dollars for every year he had been away.

It developed that he had established himself as a professional smuggler spy. In Paris he subsidized jewelers favored by Americans. From them and their clerks he received frequent advices about large purchases made by men and women from the States. In his office he kept accurate files of the names of rich Americans on holiday in Europe.

Every suspicion he had he passed on to the customs inspectors. Sometimes nothing came of it; at other times he had informed on would-be smugglers, and out of this intelligence he won many rewards.

"HAVE you any idea," I asked the old-timer, "how much the government salvaged from defeated smugglers last year?"

"Oh, it must have been upward of three hundred thousand dollars."

"What excuses do the smugglers give when caught?"

"Men seldom give any excuses. They pay. But with women it is different.

"'Madam,' the inspector says, 'how about this fur coat I find here in your baggage? I don't see it on your declaration.'

"'Of course you don't,' she says. 'That is my coat which I took over with me when I left New York three months ago. I guess a body can bring back her own clothes, can't she?'

"'Yes, ma'am; but this label says it comes from Paris, and, besides, we are informed that on the twelfth of last month you purchased that coat and some jewels, none of which I see on your declaration. How about it?'

"'I never heard such impertinence! My husband is a good friend of lots of the big men in Washington, and I will tell him about this at once, and that means, sir, that you will be dismissed; and, furthermore——'

"Then some of the ladies," continued the old-timer in weary tones, "say that they never heard of any such law. And then they try to slip us a couple of dollars. They don't see anything criminal in it."

"Is there any way to estimate the value of the stuff successfully smuggled?" I asked.

"Don't ask foolish questions," he jeered. "Didn't I tell you that we're all smugglers at heart?"

THE END

EYES *in the* Corner

Yesterday Lalahu might have passed for a girl of Palermo or Cadiz. Today she was in all essentials native.

BEATRICE GRIMSHAW'S

Latest *and* Best Short Story—

A Tale of Terror in the South Seas

Pictures by W. T. BENDA

THE author of this vivid story has spent most of her life in the South Sea Islands, where snakes as strange and deadly as the one that will fascinate you in these pages are no strangers to her. In this swift and thrilling narrative she will transport you half around the world to Darling Island.

NOT until the Thursday Island ketch sailed up to the anchorage of Darling two days ago and landed the new Mrs. Carne had Lalahu Sophia or anyone else guessed what was afoot. Carne had gone away to a mainland plantation just after the death of his wife some weeks ago, leaving Lalahu in charge of the Darling Island house which she had tended for the now dead Margery Carne, and directing her to get it all cleaned up and tidied.

The day before the ketch was due Lalahu had a message telling her to go to her father's house, as Carne was coming back. She had gone gladly, the scent of the jasmines and frangipannis in Carne's garden following her on the southeast wind.

"I will make my wedding wreath of them, very soon, very soon," Lalahu had thought, singing softly and treading carefully in the white-woman shoes that she often hated and shirked. One must learn to wear them. One must learn many things now that one was to be Carne's wife. . . .

One had learned! One had learned that Carne's promises meant nothing; that Lalahu Sophia, because of her Fly River mother, was no fit mistress for the Carne plantation.

Driven forth from her paradise, Lalahu settled, with her camphorwood boxes and her loose native gowns, her dead future, and her alive and burning heart, in her father's store. Since the ketch had arrived Lalahu had grieved more like a Fly River heathen than a girl who sang in the mission choir.

Sophia sometimes looked almost as white as you or I. It seemed to be a matter of feeling. On this day she had drawn down the blind of sulks that is always at the command of the creature cursed with dark blood; she had thickened her lips with pouting and frowned her brows into projecting ridges that gave her an unpleasant likeness to the pictures of Papuan headhunters on the wall of her father's trading store. Yesterday, playing the harmonium in the mission, Lalahu might have passed for a girl of Palermo or Cadiz, had Sicily and Spain been represented in Papua. Today she was in all essentials native. Leo Jones, her father and an Englishman underneath his tropic tan, lazily tending his trading store with its strange display of barbed arrows and spears, its palms and mangoes blazing green, and dangling billy cans, watched her silently. Carne had done her no harm, of that he was certain. Leo was glad to have her home again.

For six years Lalahu Sophia had been in Mrs. Carne's employ; had washed and ironed for her; had cared for her in her many illnesses, and been with her until the end. She had grown in Mrs. Carne's employ, from a gaunt eleven years of age to a splendid seventeen.

For two years Lalahu had been aware of the planter's affection for her; for three she had been sure of her love for him, and though she had loved her mistress after a gushing spaniel fashion, she had been able quite without prejudice to foresee the outcome of Mar-

gery Carne's illnesses. She had never doubted what it would mean for her . . in time she would be Carne's wife.

But Carne had made different plans. He had acted with singular promptness and decision for a few weeks' widower. A radio sent to Australia had brought up a white woman, not quite young, undeniably good looking; a woman who knew all about Carne and seemed to share a great many reminiscences with him. A woman who, instead of Lalahu Sophia, was to be Mrs. Carne and who waited now for her wedding day in the Government House with the wife of the resident magistrate.

Lalahu Sophia, crouched on the floor of her father's trading store, with hair, a "wonder of flix and floss," tumbling down her back and over her hips, was wearing creamy, poignant frangipanni flowers in her loose gown. Her pale brown, beautiful feet were bare. Some days Sophia wore shoes and stockings and dressed like the pictures in the Sydney catalogues. But today it was Lalahu, the native girl, who lay with her head on the floor and her wild New Guinea heart burning like a brand set under her heaving breast.

She rose by and by from the floor of the trading store filled with a desire to see the place where she had been happy and had meant—oh, God—to be happier.

There was no one on the whole length of the croton walk; the gardens were silent and full of the yellowing sun. Lalahu Sophia trod carefully, remembering with the last outside edge of her mind, that she must keep a watch for snakes. Darling was a snake island.

There are such islands off the coast of Papua. Some, like Doini in the East, harbor pythons unknown upon the mainland; creatures four fathoms long with heads as big as setters' and skins patterned like Turkish rugs. Others breed the gray death-adder that lies in your path looking for all the world like a dead bough; but if you step upon him you will step from sunny life down into death.

OF all the snake islands Darling was perhaps the worst. Lalahu had seen natives die of snake bite on Carne's plantation, which was why she kept an eye ready, even in her trouble, and half unconsciously skirted away from anything long and curving that lay in her path.

She reached the house; the sun was failing now swiftly as it does fail in the low latitudes of Darling. The wooden white-and-green painted house stood up on its black piles. There was no one about. Carne stayed almost all day now at the magistrate's house, and drums thrumming in the village down below, with far-off voices raised in the dancing song, bespoke the servants.

Lalahu, a lovely distressed thing, long hair flying careless, eyes too dark with sorrow to see anything but the windows of the one room where she had hoped to reign, ran through the gardens and set her foot—bare of shoe today—on the stairs leading to the side veranda. Mrs. Carne's room opened off from that. Lalahu felt she must see it once again and then die. . . .

Under the house a low growl attracted her attention. Lalahu looked between the steps. The house kitten, a small, furry thing, was crouching in the attitude of a pointer. Its fur stood up along its back; it snarled and kept staring at something beyond Lalahu's view.

Lalahu jumped down and looked under the house. The light was almost gone there—one could not see anything—unless one had cat eyes. "Something has taken its rat away from it," she thought, and immediately dismissed the cat from her mind.

Within the room light slanted in orange bars through louvred shutters half closed. A hundred times in the five years past Lalahu Sophia had entered that room with tea,

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TEN]

Lalahu saw the eyes of the man she loved, wild, dark with fear of death. "Here's your medicine," said Lalahu Sophia.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINE]

water, novels, medicine, and food for the always sickly and often fretful Margery Carne. The new Mrs. Carne would have cut glass bottles of sweet perfumes from Sydney; the room would smell of them, and of Carne's own clean bay rum and shaving stuff. Lalahu imagined it vividly. She gave a kind of howl and let herself crumble down on the floor.

Suddenly she was aware of darkness. She got up shivering and went to the pantry, where the lamps were kept. No servants had yet returned; the drums were thundering louder than ever down in the village. She got a hurricane lamp and put a match to the wick. One couldn't walk back through the gardens in the darkness.

The instinct that leads one to bite on an aching tooth, swallow in a sore throat, led Lalahu back once more to the room that was to have been—ought to have been—hers. She entered it with dragging feet, held up the lamp, and looked around. Quite dark now. There was no moon.

Looking across from the door, Lalahu saw a small, white lump on one pillow of the bed. It was the kitten, poor Margery Carne's pet. And then, holding the lamp high, she saw something she had not noticed before; a walking stick abandoned in the corner. A tall, stiff black stick left between the bed and the wall. It had a narrow crook of a head; it slanted a bit, high above the pillow. Lalahu looked at it again and for no reason her pulses began to run quickly. The thing was dead, immovable; absurd to think of——

With a sickening thud her heart turned over and stopped; recovering, raced furiously. She had experienced the shock that comes to one who, thinking himself alone, is suddenly confronted by another presence. The stick was looking at her!

SOMETHING not all herself; something that was Lalahu, not Sophia, kept her from screaming; led her by small, cautious steps close to the bed.

The stick never moved. Long and dark, it stood between the bed and the wall, its clubbed head hanging over the pillow where the white kitten was lying asleep.

Two black bead eyes, in the head, looked steadily at Lalahu. She knew an unseen coil on the floor supported the straight body; that the snake, swift as a snapping lash whip, would fling itself at her if she moved just one step nearer.

The creature was examining its hereditary enemy, Margery's little cat; uncertain whether to attack or to let sleeping cats lie. But man was a greater enemy; if man, woman . . . came in the way it would never hesitate between the two.

The mother of Lalahu Sophia had been a sorcerer's daughter. Over most of Papua sorcerer is snake charmer, snake tamer. Lalahu was no tamer of snakes—she was, on the contrary, terrified by them—but much of the sorcerer's curious snake lore, far ahead of what science in general knows, had come down to her through her mother.

She knew that snakes may act strangely, almost inexplicably, at times. She had an intuition, not comprehensible by Sophia, but clear to Lalahu, informing her that the snake, let alone, might do this thing again; drive the kitten from under the house into fancied security above, follow it and hang about it, staring, afraid to attack.

A big, harmless carpet snake would have had the little beast in its coils long ago. The slim, deadly black snake could not have swallowed anything bigger than a frog; it would not eat the kitten, but, equally, it would not let her alone. Why, only that queer snake brain, callous and incalculable, knew.

Lalahu held up the lantern and looked, her breast heaving quickly under the native smock. Thoughts, pictures, raced through her mind. She backed slowly away from that bed where death stared with shining eyes; backed to the door and into Carne's dressing room.

Then she turned, and felt with her hand along a certain shelf. Yes, the thing she sought was there; the small, smooth, nickel snake-bite case that is seldom absent from a Darling Island house. She twisted off the cap and drew out lancet, ligature, and a tiny packet of dark crystals. The last was almost exhausted; only a pinch remained. Yet it would do if . . .

Swiftly, she poised her arm, and flung the contents of the case as far as possible into the darkness outside the open window. Then she closed the case, put it back, and left the room, calling the kitten to follow her. The little thing awoke, stretched itself, and leaped to the floor; it had always been a pet of Lalahu's. As she went out with Furry trotting at her heels Lalahu looked back at the far corner of the room. The eyes were gone.

II.

NEXT night there was more dancing in the village and again Lalahu slipped, unseen, into Margery Carne's room. Furry, with the persistence of her kind, had taken possession of the bed as before and the snake had followed her. Lalahu stood watching. She must know more—more. What would the snake do, if one drove the kitten away?

It was hard to call Furry, turn her out, and remain alone in the room with that horror; but Lalahu Sophia did it.

As before, the snake dropped under the bed, sinking down as a fountain column sinks when the water power below is withdrawn. Lalahu stood still. There was no movement.

She knew what to do next, but she hated to do it. She had to set her teeth, and nerve herself with thoughts that drive love-mad men and women on to death before she could turn down the lamp she held and stand in practical darkness, only a blue bead of flame remaining, to learn what might befall.

She stood for what seemed like a year. Her bare feet crisped themselves on the floor with fear of what might touch them, coldly gliding. The room seemed full of stealthy little sounds. Two fireflies sailed through the window and lit on the top of the mosquito net like green stars adrift. A swamp pheasant suddenly, loudly, poured out his inexhaustible bottle of bubbling water. The sound smote on Lalahu's raw senses; she could endure suspense no more. She turned up the light.

The white expanse of Margery Carne's great bed lay clear. There was no slim, dark wand standing up, with clubbed head, in the corner by the wall. But underneath one pillow a point of black showed up—it might have been the end of a pencil.

Lalahu, granddaughter of snake charmers, laughed a small, ugly laugh.

"Now I know," she said.

Whether the odd fascination exerted over it by the kitten was accountable, whether it was mere desire for the comfort of the bed or some caprice unknown, unnamed, was all one. The snake came nightly; nightly, after the little cat had gone, it wound itself beneath the pillows on which Margery's unquiet head once had lain, and on which, after an empty interval, the head of Carne's new wife was to lie.

Lalahu knew snakes. She went away walking lightly, singing to herself, in a low, thrumming native tune.

She was almost back to the store when one of the Darling Island traders overtook her and swung his lantern in her face as he went past.

"Who's the *kikenni* in the pink smock comin' up to your store?" he asked Leo, using the Motu word for woman that is never applied to whites and seldom to half castes.

Leo looked out.

"Why, that's Sophia coming home," he said. "She's been to choir practice at the mission. They're having it every night now."

"Lalahu Sophia?" said the man, and then, to himself, "By cripes! I thought she was one of them Fly River girls from the beach."

To Wilfred Carne, meditating before his wedding, it seemed that the difficult affair of Lalahu had been managed well and with credit. He'd known this long while that the girl was in love with him and he had really liked her in a way. Given that fact, very few men would have acted as decently as he had. There had been some little flirtation, a few presents, snatched kisses, one or two on the beach at twilight, careless talk perhaps, but no serious intention. He'd done nothing at all, so Wilfred Carne agreed with himself.

And if he could have seen into Lalahu Sophia's hot, furious, desperate soul he would still have said that he had done nothing. Girls' hearts, especially when they beat beneath a native loose smock, were easily broken, easily mended things.

In the dressing room Carne sorted his clothes and collected a bundle of magazines to read during these last few hours of his widower life, till he should feel like sleeping. A pleasant evening, not too hot or windy; no mosquitoes, the acetylene lamp burning white on the table, books and cigars, and a temperate glass of whisky. . . . Carne felt the world was good, especially to decent chaps like himself. Say what you like, honesty and respectability paid.

Under the house, as he sat turning page after page, he could hear poor Margery's kitten wandering about. It seemed annoyed about something; it growled like a little dog. . . . By and by the growling ceased.

THE wedding went off well. An informal breakfast was held in the little schoolhouse next the church. Carne was busy with speeches and toasts, warmed with wine and with the feeling of having Doris secure at last. Nevertheless, he found time to glance through the crowd, more than once, to look for Lalahu.

She had not been visible at the church. He had sent old Leo Jones and herself no formal invitation; but there was no conceivable reason—none at all—why his late wife's companion and her father shouldn't come to his wedding. But Leo was not there, and neither was Lalahu. Carne felt it to be a slight. He drank an extra glass of wine, angrily. Hang the girl! If she had come he would never have thought about her again. Why had she to cast shadows upon his gay little wedding?

The wedding party broke up in a simoon of split peas. Carne and his bride fairly ran to the pier, where the plantation launch, gay with flags and pennants, lay waiting. They were to spend the day seeing the various small islands over which the estate extended; toward sunset they were timed to get back to Darling and the plantation house. A brief wedding tour; but, as Doris sensibly said, both had been there before, and comfort came before romance. She was well pleased to be mistress of Carne's thousands of acres. Doris had had her ups and downs as an unsettled widow; there was a time

when she had thought Margery Carne meant to live forever. But now all had ended well, and all was well for everyone.

The launch went puttering away down the inner side of the reef. The guests dispersed. In the beach store Lalahu Sophia, her face to the wall, lay silent.

"Why didn't you come to the *shivoo?*" shouted a rival trader, pausing to lean on Leo Jones's veranda.

"Sophia's bad," said the old man, from the door. "Worst attack of fever I ever knew her to have. She don't seem able to speak a word, only when she jumped out of bed a while ago and fell on the floor; she said then there were snakes bitin' her. I put her back again, and she's been quiet since."

The other eyed Leo curiously. There had been rumors.

"What d'you think of the wedding?" he asked.

"I think," said Leo, with sudden bitterness, "that when Will Carne's five and fifty, same as me, he won't be keeping a beach store in the last place God ever made. Will Carne knows how to take care of himself, and some of the rest of us—didn't."

The rival trader took his way again, silent. Behind his store there was a cottage and a half-dark woman in it, who had brought trade when trade was hard to get, years past; a woman who owned the land on which the store was built, and much besides. She wore a ring on her talonlike third finger. It was a small, thin ring, but it held the trader to New Guinea and to Darling as fast as if it had been a handcuff of wrought steel.

Once he had thought—once Leo Jones had thought—well, they had been wrong, and Carne, the hard, successful man, was right. Carne could sell out—would do so, surely, some day. Sydney for Carne; Melbourne and Cup Day for Carne; a villa and an automobile (Jones had never seen one save in pictures) for Carne. For Leo and for the rival trader, Darling Island, red sunsets in red crotons, swamp pheasants bubbling, the blue-black ramparts of the mangroves on the mainland marking the end of the world.

Jones went back into the house and sat down beside Lalahu's bed.

"Are you better, deary?" he asked her.

She made no answer. She raised herself on her elbow presently, and looked out toward the climbing sun.

"Not ten o'clock," she said, and threw herself down with a sigh.

III.

THERE were stars in the sky, and underneath them star flowers of the frangipanni flecking the blue dusk. Cloying and sweet, the scent came in waves, drowning the delicate breath of jasmine and the elusive night odor of golden alamanda. Lalahu Sophia, squatting native fashion in Carne's garden, felt the flowers drop on her hair now and again; her bare feet were half buried in fallen blooms.

Lalahu had been unable to sleep. After the half-delirium of the morning, when she had been near out of her mind for hours, something had died within her. It was as if a volcanic fountain of hot water, such as one finds on certain shores of New Guinea, rising through fresh depths of sea, had slowly lost its heat, sunk once more to unknown deeps, and left the sea tides normal.

The girl did not put the matter thus to herself; she merely felt that something hot and cruel, something that smacked of the black Fly River and the long-house hung with heads, was dying away for a time. It would come back, she knew. She was Lalahu Sophia; more Sophia than Lalahu on this star-calm, scented night, but Lalahu was there. . . .

Meantime Sophia waked; Sophia, who had twined the hair of Margery Carne and sung songs of heaven and angels in the choir. Sophia did not want Wilfred Carne to die; was not even sure that she wanted the death of Doris. Sophia saw visions of the men who had died, suddenly and horribly, from snake bite, on Carne's estate. She could not bear the thought of Carne's brown face distorted and blue, his body swelled like that of a drowned corpse. About Doris she scarcely thought at all; she hated Doris, but it was Carne's peril that mattered. Yesterday—this morning—she

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

With a sickening thud her heart turned over and stopped. The stick was looking at her!

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE ELEVEN]

had cherished the thought of either, both, anybody, dying in that room, suddenly and terribly in the dead of night, when the long, black wand rose up unseen in the corner, and the two cold eyes bent over Margery Carne's wide bed.

But with the going down of the sun Sophia's wrath had gone. She was only conscious of heart-wrenching sorrow and of a bitter fascination that drew her toward the starlit garden by Carne's house. All day she had not eaten; her head was light. She could not think clearly. She only knew that she must go to the garden, shriek her warning, maybe, before it was too late; maybe secure the little cat that had been bait for the eyes-in-the-corner, and draw that ugly death away from the threatened room before anything happened.

When she found herself alone in the night coolness, close to the great white-painted house that was the Darling Island embodiment of luxury, reason seemed to return to her. It was not certain the snake would come. It was not certain it would attack anyone. She had mistaken her fierce desires for facts. Absurd to think a black snake had settled habits, knew one room from another. Why, save for its deadly weapon, that demanded respect, a snake was no more to be considered than a fish; it had no brain at all.

Thus, Sophia. Lalahu, who, in the depths of her savage consciousness, knew different things, was asleep. . . .

The night was not very still. When you sat and listened its apparent quiet was embroidered by all sorts of sounds—frogs that mimicked hoarse birds, clicking of palm leaves, the distant, bleating cry of a lovesick iguana.

LALAHU sat with her chin in her palms and felt her aching heart beat, beat as if it would throb its way out of the slender prison that confined it. She wondered how much suffering one could bear and live. She wondered, as a sick man wonders over the little unimportant objects on which his eye rests in agony, what the silent bats were seeking, why the fireflies turned their silver lamps ceaselessly off and on as they flew; what the small, bright thing on the ground near her foot might be—another firefly?

It was some time before she gathered energy enough to bend forward and take it in her hand. When she did, she sat staring at it in the dim twilight of the starry garden, as if it had been a snake. Her hand had closed on a small, hard object—a lancet, tied by a rolled-up ligature to a little vial of crystals, almost empty.

"O God forgive me!" said Sophia, and sprang to her feet. "I must have been mad. God let me be in time!"

The little hard packet, holding in its circumference issues of life and death, seemed to have hypnotized her. She ran across the garden; reached the veranda, off which Carne's dressing room opened.

"I can slip in—put it in the tube—no one will know," she panted. "I was wicked; I've deserved to go to hell. If anything happens——"

Out of the room on the other side, answering her, rose a shout. Carne's voice. A stamping of feet followed, and a woman's wail of dismay.

Something had happened.

Something else, in the next second, happened—Lalahu, swept by wild feeling, did not at first realize what. It was not till, in the starlight, she saw something like a length of black hose pouring itself away through the steps on which she stood, and felt a small pain, like a needle point of fire in her ankle, that she knew.

"THERE was another snake," she said, with stiff lips, staring through the dusk at her smarting foot.

Love of life woke suddenly within her. Somebody must save her. She clutched the snake-bite outfit and sprang onto the veranda. At the other side of the house the scrambling of feet went on; she could hear Carne thunder into his dressing room and swear furiously; she heard Doris call out, "Wilfred, Wilfred, do something—you can't die—where is it?"

In a moment things cleared; Sophia Lalahu rose to the sublimest height that her short life had reached, the highest point that human nature touches. There was not medicine stuff, not even time, for two. If Wilfred saved her he could not save himself.

Calmly, with the light from Carne's electric torch flashing on her face, Lalahu walked into the dressing room; saw the eyes of the man she loved, wild, dark with fear of death; saw Doris, a little fair-haired thing in silks and laces, staring open mouthed and terrified from the inner room; saw the long dead body of a snake upon the floor.

"Here's your medicine," said Lalahu Sophia, pressed the little packet into his hand and walked out from the house. Nobody asked her anything; Carne, when he saw the lancet and crystals, fell upon them like a hound upon food, and Doris, springing forward, cried, "Be quick! Be quick!"

It was dark in the garden after that flare of electric light. The fatalism of her Fly River mother seized on Lalahu Sophia, chloroformed her dragging limbs, and quieted her reeling brain. Under the frangipanni trees she fell down; she pressed the flowers to her lips, as the stars went out, and sensation sank away.

THE END

Is the Nobility Decaying?

An Article in Which Some Interesting Light Is Shed on the Prevalency of Scandals Among Notable British Families

By
W. L. GEORGE

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Left to right—Lieutenant Colonel Dennistoun; his present wife, who was the dowager Countess of Carnarvon, and one of their lawyers leaving a London courtroom. During a recent sensational court hearing in London it was testified that Colonel Dennistoun condoned an affair between his wife and the late Major General Sir John S. Cowans, because General Cowans was able to further Colonel Dennistoun's army career.

THE recent epidemic of scandals in British society has given rise to much discussion on both sides of the Atlantic. Many reasons have been advanced for the marital disasters which have overtaken prominent British households, but for the most part the explanations have failed signally to explain.

Mr. George's interesting commentary upon the situation, printed herewith, will soon be supplemented in Liberty by the views of two other notable Britons —the Rev. W. R. Inge, the "gloomy dean" of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, and Ramsay MacDonald, former Labor premier.

Dean Inge has long been conspicuous for his pessimistic pulpit pronouncements. Mr. MacDonald, following several sensational court exposures, recently made the statement that the British nobility is becoming dissolute and ineffective.

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Dorothy Muriel Dennistoun, who won a verdict against her former husband. She sued for money which she alleged she had loaned him prior to their divorce and Colonel Dennistoun's remarriage to the dowager Countess of Carnarvon.

IT IS not remarkable that public opinion of the world should be excited by the group of sex lawsuits which have been taking place in Great Britain. Taken as a whole, they seem to suggest a decay in British moral tone and notably in that of the nobility.

We have had, in rapid succession, a breach of promise case where a widow of good breeding claimed damages from a drunken suitor after being engaged to him only for a weekend; we have seen a lady of title claiming a money payment from the estate of a dead man, while she calmly acknowledges that for many years she had been the mistress of the deceased.

Then, for a fortnight, we have witnessed the most amazing of these cases, where a woman who has divorced her husband claims money from him, alleging that he has for years been receiving money from an older woman; the husband retorts that his wife has been unfaithful with a number of men; and then, as if this story were not incredible enough, the woman urges that her husband knew of her infidelity, connived at it —in fact, urged upon her that she should be unfaithful to him so that he might from her paramour obtain an improved official position.

Now, the horror of the situation is not that a few dozen people should roll about in a morass of lies and immoralities; what is shocking is that the people implicated are officers of crack regiments, women of beauty and breeding, elderly men with proud careers behind them. At first sight, it looks as if the plague were striking at that which is the most precious in the British world—namely: the class which education and money have endowed with social leadership.

In fact it is not quite so, and I hope to show that public opinion is partly exaggerating and partly misunderstanding what is happening about us.

In the first place, it is a great mistake to think that immorality in aristocratic circles is a new thing and that our period is so remarkably different from those that have gone before. In fact, from some points of view there is much more social modesty than there used to be. In the eighteenth century Secretary of

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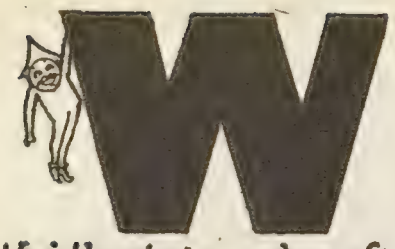

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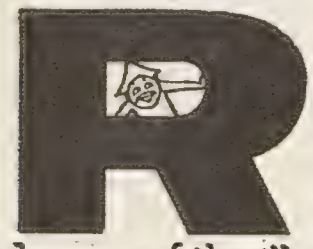

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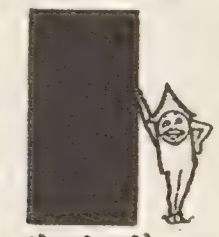

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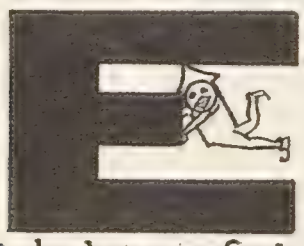

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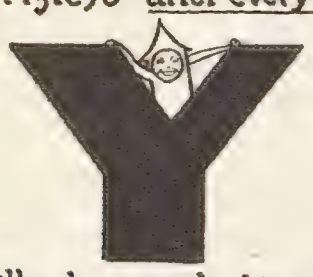
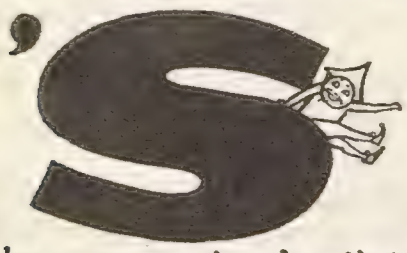


You will note a marked improvement in your health and spirits.



Smiles come easier, breath is sweeter, the world is brighter with Wrigley's.

F 39

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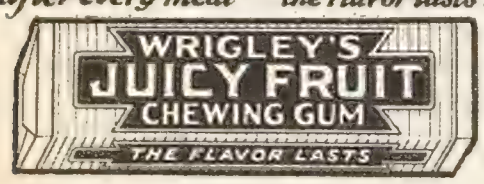

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State Walpole fairly openly took money from women; Secretary Duke of Grafton made no attempt to hide a woman of notorious looseness when he took her to the theater; and the case of Nelson and Lady Hamilton is still more amazing.

Here we have a woman so low born that she never learned to spell; after casting aside virtue she is publicly kept by Charles Greville. Then, so as to prevent his uncle, Sir William Hamilton, from marrying or, according to another story, in exchange for a cancellation of debt, Greville gives him this illiterate mistress; Sir William surprises Greville by marrying the girl, and yet a few years later seems to tolerate her relations with Lord Nelson, so much so that husband, wife, and paramour live happily together.

I could quote many more such cases, and I beg my readers to believe that it would today be impossible for a Secretary of State, a British ambassador, or a famous admiral to behave with the brazenness, the cynical disdain of popular feeling, which could safely be exhibited a century ago.

FROM that point of view it might perhaps be argued that, in spite of appearances, the state of English society is higher than it used to be. I do not think that is so; but it is in some ways different. Before, however, dealing with this, I venture to remind the American reader that he must not be too easily deceived by the word nobility, or by the fact that many of the incriminated people may have titles.

The actual bearing of a title does not, in Great Britain, entirely settle the question of nobility. During the last thirty years a large number of people have been created peers or baronets; while some of these were essentially aristocrats, such as the late Marquis Curzon, such as Viscount Grey or Viscount Cecil, the great majority are members of the respectable commercial classes and in no sense aristocrats.

On the other hand, there exist in the English counties a number of families who have no titles, who would certainly refuse a title, but who have been aristocrats for half a dozen centuries. They are akin to old Virginia families, which think themselves, and are, equal to any Italian prince.

THEREFORE, when a person of title is compromised in a case, one needs to know who that person is before one concludes that a man or woman of noble birth is departing from class standard.

Now, it is worth noting that in the recent cases only one person can claim noble blood, and that merely as niece of an earl, which is not a close connection. All the others belong to the good class which England calls the commoners, which are not at all the aristocracy. On the other hand, if we examine the divorce records of the past few years, there is no denying that an undue proportion of men and women who beyond contest belong to the nobility have figured in the courts, charged with casual infidelity. However, it is only fair to say that they are not, as a rule, involved in the hideous stories of infidelity for money which are occupying our attention.

It is possible, therefore, that many of the appearances of the British nobility in the divorce court are not due to their immorality, but to the British divorce law, which is the same as that of the State of New

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Scandal among the British nobility is not exactly a recent thing. The love affair of Lady Hamilton (above) with Lord Nelson has been a topic of gossip for more than one hundred years.

Horatio Lord Viscount Nelson, the commander of the British fleet at the battle of Trafalgar, one of the most famous naval engagements of all history, in which Napoleon's ambition to invade England was crushed.

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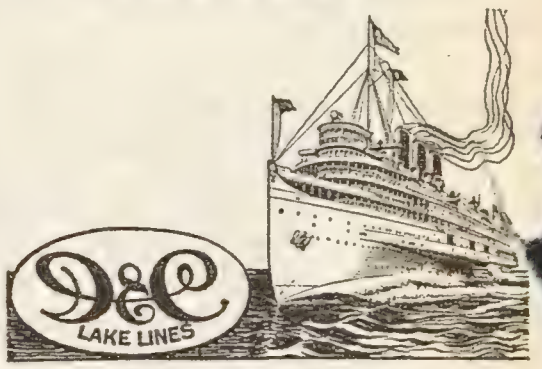

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The ninth Duke of Devonshire.

Wide World Photo

King George V. and Queen Mary on the royal dais at the recent Wembley Exhibition.

Kadel & Herbert Photo

The sixteenth Duke of Norfolk.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOURTEEN]

York, which refuses liberty to people who are unhappily married, and thus actually forces them to misconduct so as to obtain their release. But, that being said, it is more honest to confess that looseness has increased in the last twenty or thirty years and that it has increased more swiftly in the aristocratic classes than in other sections of the community.

P. & A. Photo

The Duke of Sutherland.

Why? A number of suggestions have been put forward, and one is that the aristocracy has lowered its standard since it has in increasing numbers married commoners. I think that entirely untrue. The British aristocracy has always married commoners—that is, rich girls of the commercial class; it is true that only recently have daughters of the nobility married commoners, and it is also true that only during the last thirty years or so have recruits from musical comedy or the revues entered the British peerage; but divorce records show that much more often is the commoner the plaintiff than the noble mate.

NOTABLY, with regard to the fairly numerous American girls who have married titles, the number who have proved immoral is extremely small. The American peeress, while still human and frail, has erected a higher standard than her average noble mate. If there has been an increase of looseness in aristocratic circles, it is not the commoner, British or American, who has introduced it there.

I suspect that one of the main factors of looseness is the replacing of society by the "Smart Set."

Society, as it was understood in 1850 and even as late as 1880, comprised almost exclusively persons of good breeding, health, or wealth and position. You were born in society and were likely to die there unless—and there is the point—you committed some breach, such as cheating at cards, making love to the wife of a brother officer, etc. If you did, you were "cut" and socially you ceased to exist. Therefore, while society was not highly moral, it was careful and maintained a standard of decorum. In practice, it was more moral than is the Smart Set today, merely because it had more to lose.

Nowadays there is very little to lose, because society has disappeared. Its fragments survive—namely: the old titled families, the gatherings about the King and Queen, and also certain very small close sets—but it has ceased to count. Society ceased to count financially because, on the whole, it has no money. The great fortunes now go to coal, soap, bonds, etc., and not to the land. In fact, the yield of land has become less, while taxation has increased at least fivefold, while the cost of living has nearly doubled. That has broken up society, because its members can no longer afford to conduct a social life from which it would be a penalty to be excluded.

HENCE the substitution of the Smart Set. That is not a close body like society. It numbers certainly many persons of title and many commoners of excellent position, but in the main it admits any pretty woman or well-dressed man who is pleasant, well spoken, and, above all, has a little money. Also it admits the attractive foreigner, the writer, the actress: it does not inquire about ancestors, and it inquires very little about character.

The Smart Set wants to be amused, to be entertained. It wants to dine, to dance, to gamble, and so long as these demands are satisfied it is willing to overlook what society would never have tolerated.

Some may deplore this, but I doubt whether it matters much. What happens to people of title no longer affects Great Britain. In the cabinet of Lord North, who lost America, there was only one commoner; in the next British cabinet there may be only one peer.

Society has fulfilled its purpose as a professor of good social manners. Now that its task is done, it can say to the educated commoners, "Other little children shall bring my boats ashore."

THE END

The More Pleasant Side of the Story

HERE are some of the members of the British nobility who, as Mr. George points out in the accompanying article, comprise the backbone of the social structure.

It is seldom that their names are even mentioned in American newspapers. Yet the distinction which for centuries has attached to their houses forms the real substance of our British cousins' veneration for their upper classes.

The King and Queen have always done their utmost to uphold the best traditions of the aristocracy, although by no manner of means is the House of Windsor the most ancient of the British noble establishments. The genealogical trees of many of the noble families, and indeed, even those of some of the commoners, reach back farther than that of the Royal House.

The lineage of the King, for instance, is not as long as that of either the Duke of Norfolk or the Duke of Sutherland. The Norfolk family was ennobled as far back as the year 1139 and the Duke of Sutherland's in 1228.

A Fortune Teller's Misfortune

An Exciting Episode, Complete in Itself, from Trub's Diary

By
JOHN TAINTOR FOOTE

Picture by C. D. WILLIAMS

JUNE 22. The Molecule and I have made up a new game. It is called Hang-on-and-Swing. You play it with a piece of cloth. The Molecule holds the piece of cloth over his shoulder. I grab it. He pulls me off the ground. I walk up his back. He goes 'round and 'round. I swing out in the air. It is fun.

We had been playing the new game. We were playing it in the garden. The Molecule stopped playing. He went to the garage. He got in an automobile. I asked to go with him. I did it with tail-wags and wiggles.

The Molecule said, "Sorry, old companion. You're out of the picture." He went away from there.

I went back in the garage. The chauffeur was squirting water on an automobile with a hose. I wondered if he would play Hang-on-and-Swing with me. I grabbed the hose. He didn't. He turned the water right in my face. I went away from there.

I laid down in the sun to take a nap. Before I could start taking a nap I saw a big blue fly. I snapped at it. It got away. I began to snap at other flies. Some got away. Some didn't. The biggest fly of all came along. It was black with yellow stripes. It made a humming sound. I snapped at it. It didn't get away. I wish it had. It was like the time I picked up the red thing that jumped out of the living-room fire, only worse.

Sometimes the Molecule says, "Live and learn, old companion."

He said it when I picked up the red thing out of the fire.

Well, I've learned that there are hot flies. Very. This one made my mouth burn and burn. I couldn't rub the burn away with my paw. I thought of the nice, cool water coming out of the hose. I went to the garage in a quick way. I drank some of the water running on the floor. My mouth felt better, but not much. I wonder why some flies are hot. I wonder how you can tell the hot ones from the other kind.

Flips was in the garage. She was talking to the chauffeur. She said, "Guess what! Ted Martin is back from St. Paul's!"

The chauffeur went on squirting water out of a hose.

Flips said, "I suppose he'll be over here a lot."

The chauffeur went on squirting water out of a hose.

Flips said, "He gave me a frightful rush Easter vacation."

The chauffeur went on squirting water out of the hose.

Flips said, "He's not afraid of anything."

The chauffeur said, "Is that so?"

Flips said, "Yes, and you are."

The chauffeur said, "Is that so?"

Flips said, "You're afraid of Aunt Caroline."

The chauffeur put the hose down on the floor. He walked over to Flips. He said, "Listen, you're a nice kid, but you're a nut. You're a bug on this love stuff. You'll get over it. In a coupla years you wouldn't look at me no more 'n if I was transmission grease. If this Martin kid has fell for you, fly at it. They can't fire *him* without a reference."

Flips put her arm through the chauffeur's. She said, "I'll never get over you, Bill. Never. You're my first, last, and only love. I was just kidding you about Ted. He hasn't really——"

Flips stopped talking. She stepped away from the chauffeur. A woman came to the garage door. She was a queer woman. She had a yellow face. She had a red cloth around her head. She had a yellow cloth around her neck. The ends of the yellow cloth hung down to her waist. She was carrying a basket. It was a round basket with a cover. I wondered what was in the basket.

The queer woman said, "Good day to you, My Pretty."

Flips said, "Oh, gosh; she's a gypsy."

I went to the queer woman. I smelled her basket. There was something to eat in the basket. I couldn't tell what.

The queer woman said, "I fear dogs. Will this one harm me?"

Flips said, "Goodness, no. He's just a lamb."

THE queer woman said, "If you would know the future, cross my palm with silver."

Flips said, "You mean tell my fortune?"

The queer woman said, "Yes, My Pretty."

Flips said, "Lend me a quarter, Bill."

The queer woman said, "A borrowed coin brings no luck."

Flips said, "I have some money in my room. I'll get it."

The queer woman said, "I will go with you. If I can touch your pillow with my fingers your dreams will help me."

Flips and the queer woman went in the house. I went with them. Going upstairs I smelled the basket. I said, "I think it's ham, but I'm not certain."

We went in Flips' room. Flips gave some-

thing to the queer woman. The queer woman said, "Do you want a full reading, My Pretty?"

Flips said, "What do you mean, full reading?"

The queer woman said, "Everything the future holds for you."

Flips said, "Gosh, yes."

The queer woman said, "Then I must have a cup of tea."

Flips said, "I know why; you look at the tea leaves in the cup."

SAKI tried to take me by the collar. He couldn't on account of the queer woman turning 'round and 'round.

The queer woman said, "Yes, My Pretty."

Flips said, "All right; I'll get it."

The queer woman said, "Take the white dog with you; he frightens me, My Pretty."

Flips laughed. She gave me a hug. She said, "He's just a precious pupsums that wouldn't hurt a fly." She went away from there.

I stayed with the queer woman. I smelled the basket again. I said, "Yes, it's ham or maybe bacon."

The queer woman went out of Flips' room. She took the basket with her. I went along. We went in Aunt Caroline's room. I hoped the queer woman would put down the basket. She didn't. She stood in front of the thing you can see yourself in.

The queer woman went back in Flips' room. Flips came in with something in a cup. The queer woman looked in the cup. She talked a long time. She talked about light men and dark men. I looked at the basket.

The queer woman stopped talking about light men and dark men. She and Flips went downstairs. I went with them. They went to the side door.

The queer woman said, "Power and riches are dust and ashes. Follow your heart, My Pretty. And now, farewell."

Flips said, "Good-by; thanks a lot."

The queer woman went outside. She still had the basket. I went with her. She started for the gate. I thought I would give the basket one more smell. The queer woman took hold of the cloth that was around her neck. She said, "Shoo!" She waved the cloth in my face.

I was surprised. I hadn't thought of playing Hang-on-and-Swing with the queer woman. I didn't know she knew the game. I grabbed the cloth. I was surprised again. It was on account of the way the queer woman screamed. I tried to walk up her back. I couldn't. She kept turning around too fast. And screaming. I have never heard anyone scream so much.

Saki came in a quick way. Flips came in a quick way. Aunt Caroline came in a quick way.

Aunt Caroline began to scream, too. She said, "Oh, the poor thing! Get hold of him, Saki."

Saki tried to take me by the collar. He couldn't on account of the queer woman turning 'round and 'round. She kept on turning 'round and 'round until she fell down. The Molecule never falls down when he plays the game. I wish he would. You land all in a heap. It's fun.

GUESS what happened when the queer woman fell down? She dropped the basket! The cover came off. Things fell out of the basket.

Aunt Caroline was helping the queer woman up. She said, "That settles it, Florence; we'll have to get rid of him."

I went to the basket in a quick way. I said, "Yes, it's ham." It was quite a big piece. Delicious!

Saki came to pick up the basket. He looked at the things that had come out of the basket. His eyes stuck out. He said, "Oh, my! Honorable Missus, come quick, please!"

Aunt Caroline came and looked at the things that had come out of the basket. She said, "My emerald necklace! Agatha's sunburst! Good God!"

I went away from there. I was looking for more cool water.

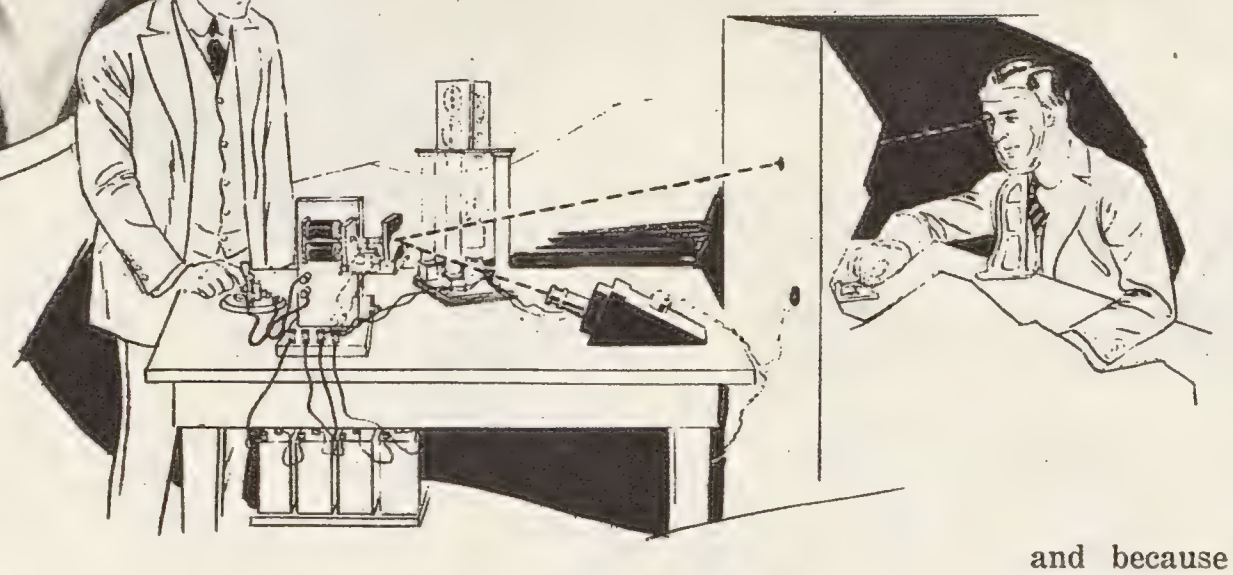
The place in my mouth from the hot fly had begun to burn again. Eating the ham did it. It burned a long time. It didn't burn when Aunt Caroline gave me that big piece of steak. She gave me the piece of steak that evening. Also many hugs. I wonder why!

Trub is only a dog, but he is a good one, and knows what is going on in the Trescott household. He will narrate another episode of his career in the next installment of his diary, to appear in an early issue.

Why HAGEN *Is the* World's Greatest Golfer

A Remarkable Account of How Science Measured a Champion's Skill—and Can Measure Yours

By HUGH FULLERTON



WALTER HAGEN (above) and the "reaction and co-ordination" test, one of those which he underwent at Columbia University. As he saw flashes of light he pressed a key, registering the speed with which his muscles responded to eye and brain. His time was twelve per cent better than the average.

Hagen's Rules on How to Become a Good Golfer

WALTER HAGEN, world's champion golfer, holder of the British Open Championship and winner of more titles than any other American golfer, lays down the following rules for keeping in condition:

Keep regular hours, both in eating and sleeping. Eat a light breakfast early in the morning. Never attempt to play or take heavy exercise, or subject yourself to mental or nervous strain immediately after a meal.

In tournament play eat light lunches. Nervous strain affects digestion. Relax as completely as possible at every opportunity. Two minutes' rest at each hole is better than half an hour's rest after the ninth or two hours after eighteen holes of play. Before starting a match go to the first tee and sit down, watching others drive off for half an hour. This will calm your nerves and relieve nerve strain.

Practice persistently, but if you feel yourself approaching top form and perfect physical condition for a hard match, relax. Stay just short of top form, conserving something as a reserve force.

Train yourself mentally as well as physically. The strain of a week of golf is terrific, and nerves wear out before muscles get weary.

Avoid worry and don't permit a break of luck in favor of an opponent or a bad break against your own game to upset you. A minute's flurry of anger or surrender to temper takes more out of a player than an hour of play. An angry, nervous, or worried player cannot do himself justice.

Start the first round remembering to conserve strength on which to finish Saturday. The majority of championships are won by the men with reserve power on which to finish.

WHY is Walter Hagen the greatest golfer in the world? Hagen has had a wonderful career. His first bid to fame was made in 1914, when he won the highest American golfing honor—that of the National Open Championship. In 1916 he won the Western Open Championship, a feat he duplicated five years later. In 1919 he again swept the field before him in the National Open Championship. He finished first in the North and South open in 1923 and was American professional champion last year. He has been successful twice in his five efforts to win the greatest prize of the golfing world—the British Open Championship. He won the coveted honor in 1922 and lost out by one stroke in 1923, only to make a great comeback last year, triumphing over the world's best golfers.

Regardless of the outcome of tournaments, in which luck plays a great part, most critics and players say Hagen has demonstrated his right to be called the greatest golfer, but why? Why is it that Hagen, day after day and under any condition, can take the average player and beat him ten strokes? Why is it that he is able to give you a stroke a hole and me two strokes a hole and beat both of us?

I have found out.

It is because he is steadier, because his judgment of distance is better, because his co-ordination of eye, mind, and muscle is more perfect, and because his power of concentration is greater.

Neither strength nor speed, either of hand or brain, count in this conclusion—but Hagen has better control over them than the average man. He rallies more quickly after being fatigued than most golfers, and he has more reserve power at the finish.

I got tired of trying to find out on a golf course why Hagen, Sarazen, Kirkwood, and those fellows can do things with a golf club and ball that I cannot approximate. It is discouraging to attend tournaments in which there are perhaps two hundred starters and know perfectly well I cannot beat one of them.

Concede that they have had more practice, but I know the game as well, know how the shots should be made, have as much sense, perhaps as much endurance, and yet if I practiced a hundred years and was paid fifty thousand dollars a year even the U. S. G. A. wouldn't admit I was a professional.

Unable to learn on a golf course the reason for this difference in golfers I took Hagen to Columbia University and appealed to the psychology department to find out for me just why Hagen can beat me thirty strokes when he is at his worst and I am at my best, and by the use of little machines to be tapped, or touched, or held still, or counted, or marked off they found out. Dr. Albert M. Johanson, consulting psychologist at Columbia, and his assistant, T. A. Jenkins, made the tests and analyzed them for me.

Doctor Johanson, who superintended the experiments with Hagen, and his assistant helped me on another occasion put Babe Ruth through similar tests, and the comparison of results

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

Thin..crispy..sugar shells *"stuft"*.. with pure.. luscious fruit-jams.. nuts *and* Marmalades!..

DIANA "Stuft" Confections have the sweet disposition that is the first requisite of a traveling companion. They are the ideal confection for picnics, motor trips, luncheons and all summer candy occasions.

We originated Diana "Stuft" Confections just to fill this summer need. Those cooling, crispy sugar shells are purposely thin—to hold more of the imported nuts and pure fruit-jams and marmalades which we make ourselves of fresh selected fruits. Every ingredient measures up to the Bunte Golden Quality Creed. For almost fifty years we have made candy this better way—always remembering that the 1200 Bunte Golden Quality Candies are something for someone to eat.

The good stores all carry Diana "Stuft" Confections in 2½, 4, 9 or 16 ounce purity jars and 2, 3 and 5 pound tidy tins. The packages are air-tight. The candy reaches you as fresh as the day it was made. Each package contains twenty-one varieties. Keep some on hand all summer long. Look for the name "Bunte"—your protection.

BUNTE BROTHERS, Established 1876, *World-Famous Candies*, Chicago

DIANA "STUFT"
Confections

Bunte
ESTABLISHED CHICAGO 1876
Golden Quality
CANDIES

What shall I do?

IT presented a real problem to her. Repeatedly he had urged her to marry him. He was attractive, of good family, and fortunate in a financial way.

Yet between them there was an invisible barrier that made her hold back: Something she couldn't bring herself to talk about.

* * *

You, yourself, rarely know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That is the insidious thing about it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic, that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant.

Test the remarkable deodorizing effects of Listerine this way: Rub a little onion on your fingers. Then apply Listerine and note how quickly the onion odor disappears.

This safe and long-trusted antiseptic has dozens of different uses; note the little circular that comes with every bottle. Your druggist sells Listerine in the original brown package only—*never in bulk.* There are three sizes: three ounce, seven ounce and fourteen ounce. Buy the large size for economy.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

For HALITOSIS *use* LISTERINE

LISTERINE Throat Tablets are now available. Please do not make the mistake of expecting them to correct bad breath. Rely on the liquid Listerine. Containing all of the antiseptic essential oils of Listerine, however, they are very valuable as a relief for throat irritation—25 cents.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

forms one of the most interesting features of the Hagen experiment.

In some tests, those involving quick motions of muscles obeying eye and brain, Ruth seemed to beat Hagen a mile. As a matter of fact the other tests showed that in reactions Hagen is as fast with eye, hand, and brain as the great baseball slugger. The difference between them is the result of the influence of the games they play.

There was one test in which Ruth showed marvelous results and on which Hagen made a failure, yet when the psychologists analyzed the results and compared them with those of Ruth and those of the average man they proved clearly that Hagen is a great golfer and Ruth a great ball player. Ruth was nearly thirty points over the average on the test, while Hagen was more than that under the average.

The test is made with a machine having a cylinder revolving at any desired speed. On this cylinder is placed a sheet of paper on which small O's are printed at irregular intervals. The subject takes a pencil and the machine starts revolving. The person taking the test tries to strike the little O in the center as it passes. Two O's may pass in an inch and then no more will pass for four or five inches. The cylinder is turned twice around at each speed, while the subject punches at the passing O's like a man grabbing rings on a merry-go-round.

In this test Ruth was fast as light, but he dotted away at O's half an inch from the center—"hit at the wild ones"—but he hit them. Hagen struck only at the ones in the exact center, and always struck late—sometimes half an inch behind the round spot—while Ruth plugged many of them in the middle. The faster the machine went the farther Hagen missed.

The reason for this surprising difference was that Ruth is trained to hit a flying object and to swing the instant he sees it. Hagen, at golf, hits a stationary ball and his whole instinct and training direct him to wait and not to swing until perfectly certain of everything. Therefore, while the eye tests proved his eye and his reactions were as fast as those of Ruth, he held his pencil and let the spots pass. He required conscious thought before he struck; Ruth struck instinctively because of his baseball training. It proves, too, that, although Hagen as a youth was a good ball player and Pat Moran wanted him to become a major leaguer, he never would have made a hitter, as his golf instinct would have caused him to hit late at every pitched ball.

Hagen's showing in the tests proves him infinitely steadier than the average man and endowed with astounding accuracy in judging distance.

Doctor Johanson has a machine which is called the Galton Bar, which will show golfers that their eye, and not luck or a worm cast, is what causes them to miss putts. By this Doctor Johanson demonstrated that Hagen's now famous six-foot putt on the final green at Hoylake, which won for him his second British Open Championship, was not due to luck but to his perfect judgment of distance.

This machine consists of a large blackboard, across the center of which is an inch-wide slit. In this slit is a bar, white, which may be extended to any desired distance up to three feet from the center in either direction.

THE bar is manipulated by a fishing-rod-like device which operates the bar by means of a twisting screw, so the person taking the test may stand six feet from the board and lengthen or shorten one end of the bar at will.

The bar at one side is set at any desired distance from the center—six inches, ten inches, a foot, two feet. The subject then stands holding the rod and tries to adjust the other side to the same length.

At this Hagen showed amazing accuracy of his eye. With one end of the ribbon about eight inches from the center, he made five efforts to set the other at the same length. In three of the five efforts he was perfect, setting one mark exactly the same as the other. Once he missed by perhaps a sixteenth of an inch, and once by almost an eighth of an inch. On the same tests I was missing four, five, and six millimeters on every attempt.

As the length of the fixed end was increased to a foot, then to a foot and a half, Hagen missed more frequently, but by such small fractions of inches it required delicate measurements to determine the distance. The only person in the laboratory who could approach Hagen in accuracy in this test was an artist, accustomed to visual measurements and accuracy.

The test shows why Hagen's approach shots drop so close to the cup and why his putts fall so regularly, while for most of us the ball hits the edge, rolls around the cup, and causes us to swear and call it "tough luck"—or to brush a worm cast aside and claim the ball rolled crooked. Even if we hit the ball the same way, we do not see as accurately nor judge the distance as well as the champion does.

The first test Hagen took was the "tapping" test, to decide his speed, rhythm, and accuracy. He was given a metal stylus and seated at a table on which was an electrically charged copper plate and a clocklike arrangement. He was told to tap the stylus upon the plate for one minute, the clock recording each steady tap. In speed he was far above the average, in steadiness and regularity surpassing the average man, the taps registering in perfect rhythm, with one slight wabble when the stylus slipped in his hand. Even in this his speed and regularity were greater than that shown by Ruth.

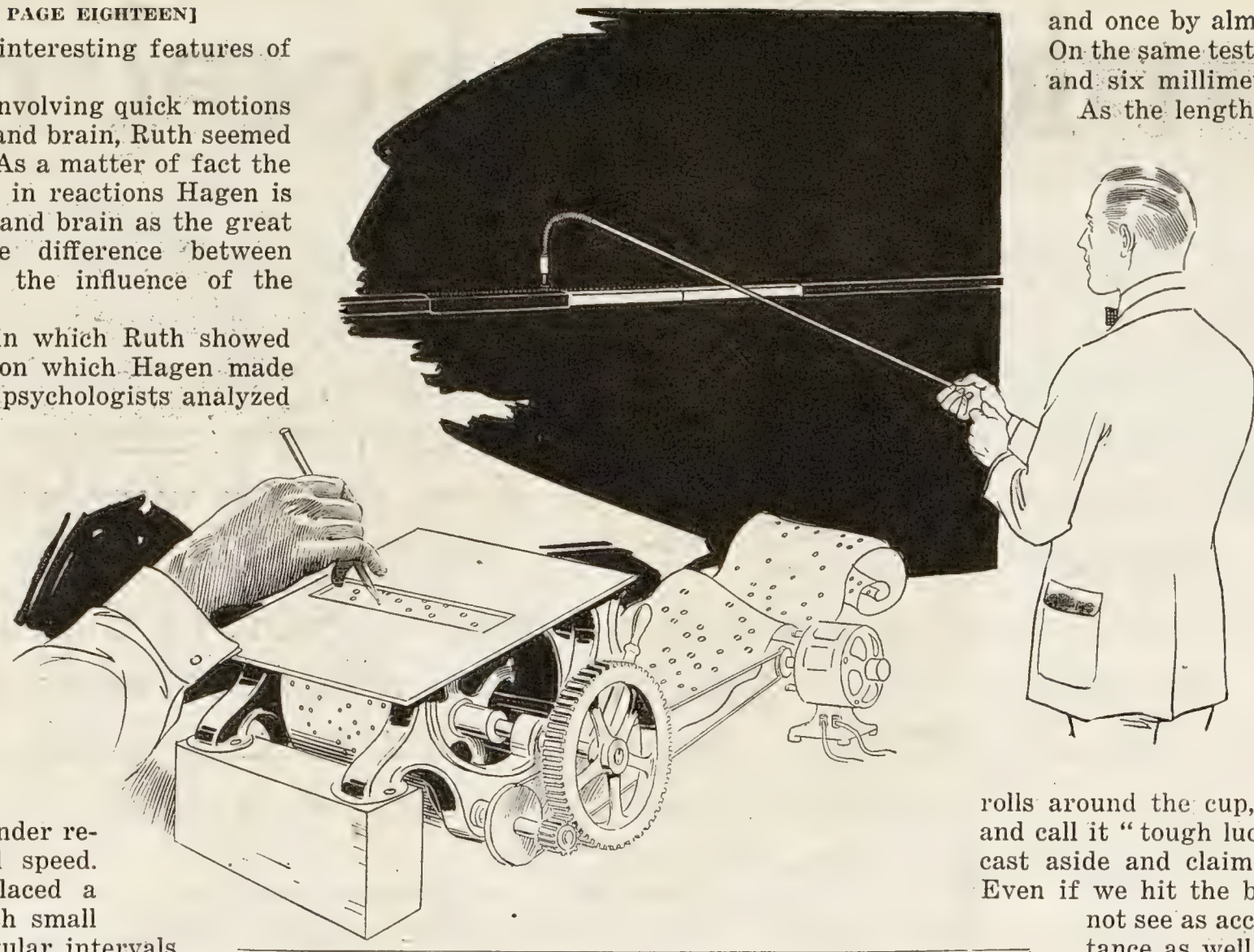
In these tests Hagen was not, perhaps, at his best, as he began the experiments immediately after driving eight miles through traffic in a new car, which may have affected his steadiness to some degree.

The second test he took in the reverse order, and that, perhaps, cut his degree of steadiness in the one which followed. He should have taken the test for steadiness of nerves and control of muscles second, but instead he became interested in another, which consists of a triangular-shaped board with small holes at each angle.

The holes are charged electrically at the bottom. Holding a steel pencil, the subject is required to punch around and around the triangular board from right to left, putting the stylus into each hole in turn, the clock registering the number and the rhythm of the taps.

For speed, Hagen was not quite as far above average as was Ruth, for the reason that he floundered badly at one time during the minute and missed the holes. When Hagen failed to put the pencil in the hole, he would go back to touch it, while Ruth, if he missed one, kept right on. In spite of this, Hagen was thirty-seven per cent above the average. The tests showed Hagen was much more rhythmical than but not as fast as Ruth. When Hagen struck his stride, he went around and around the tri-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-THREE]



Where Hagen's Golf Habits Showed

THE top picture on this page shows the Galton Bar test, designed to measure one's ability to judge distance. In this test that part of the white bar to the right of the vertical mark is adjusted at any desired length. Then, by sliding the black bar with the rodlike device in his hand, the subject tries to make the ends of the two white sections exactly equidistant from the center mark. Hagen showed astonishing accuracy of eye here, his average error being only one and two-tenths millimeters in a ten-centimeter space and three millimeters in a twenty-centimeter space. This achievement, fifty per cent better than that of the average person, shows why Hagen's approach shots and putts nearly always go where they are meant to go.

The lower picture shows a test in which Hagen did badly. In this he was told to dot the O's in the center of the sheet as the cylinder revolved. He struck always at O's in the exact center, but he always struck late. Babe Ruth, taking the same test, stabbed at O's half an inch from the center—"wild ones"—but hit them. Ruth, it was explained, is trained to hit a flying object quickly and instinctively. Hagen hits a stationary object and takes his time.

What keeps a hotel new?

THE "new" hotel, from the guest's viewpoint, is the one that's *kept* new. These hotels are so kept; and they are "newer," in the sense of cleanliness, convenience, attractiveness, than many hotels built more recently. Step behind the scenes in any of them, or look around the room you occupy, and see if you aren't in what is virtually a new hotel.

Soap and water in tremendous quantities, paint by the barrel, constant renewal of furnishings, the unceasing labor of hundreds of people—those are some of the things which *keep* these hotels new. We know of no hotels which pay more attention to cleanliness and maintenance than do these houses.

But to give you Statler Service, on the other hand, we have organizations which are *not* new but which are well-seasoned, well-trained. You *do* get an interested and helpful service in these hotels; and if something happens to go wrong you get prompt satisfaction and adjustment.

E M Statler

Rates are unusually low, in comparison with those of other first-class hotels:

Single rooms are from $3 in Cleveland, Detroit, and St. Louis; from $3.50 in Buffalo, and from $4 in New York.

Twin-bed rooms (for two) are from $5.50 in Cleveland, Detroit, and St. Louis; from $6.50 in Buffalo, and from $7 in New York.

And remember that *every* room in these houses has its own private bath, circulating ice-water, and many other conveniences that are unusual—such as, for instance, the bed-head reading lamp, the full-length mirror, the morning paper that is delivered to your room before you wake.

In every room, too, is posted a card on which is printed the price of that room, for one or for two people. You know exactly what the room is costing you—and that you're paying no more than anybody else would pay. We believe in the policy of one price, plain figures and the square deal.

Boston's Hotel Statler is building:

In the Park Square district of Boston (Columbus Ave., at Arlington and Providence Streets) construction has begun on the new Hotel Statler—which will have 1300 rooms, 1300 baths, and all the comforts and conveniences for which these hotels are world-famous.

Buffalo—and Niagara

The newest Hotel Statler Niagara Square, Buffalo, has 1100 rooms, 1100 baths. Across the street from it is the new Statler Garage, a marvel of convenience throughout—and especially appreciated by tourists who make Buffalo their headquarters when visiting NIAGARA FALLS, but 23 miles away.

The old Hotel Statler in Buffalo is now called HOTEL BUFFALO.

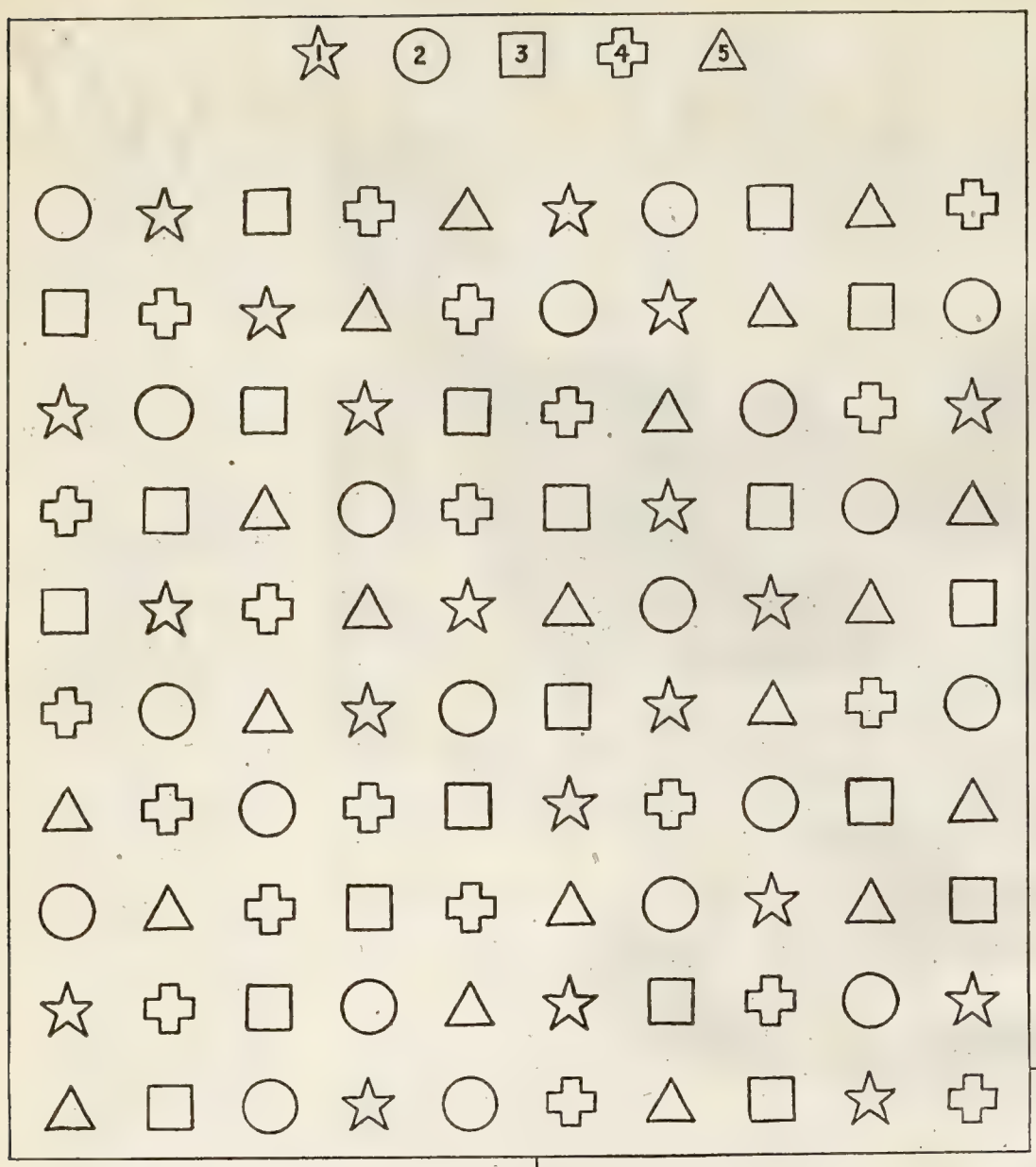
STATLER HOTELS

Buffalo~Cleveland~Detroit~St.Louis

Hotel **Pennsylvania** *New York*

The largest hotel in the world — with 2200 rooms, 2200 baths. On 7th Ave., 32d to 33d Sts., directly opposite the Pennsylvania Station. A Statler-operated hotel, with all the comforts and conveniences of other Statlers, and with the same policies of courteous, intelligent and helpful service by all employees.

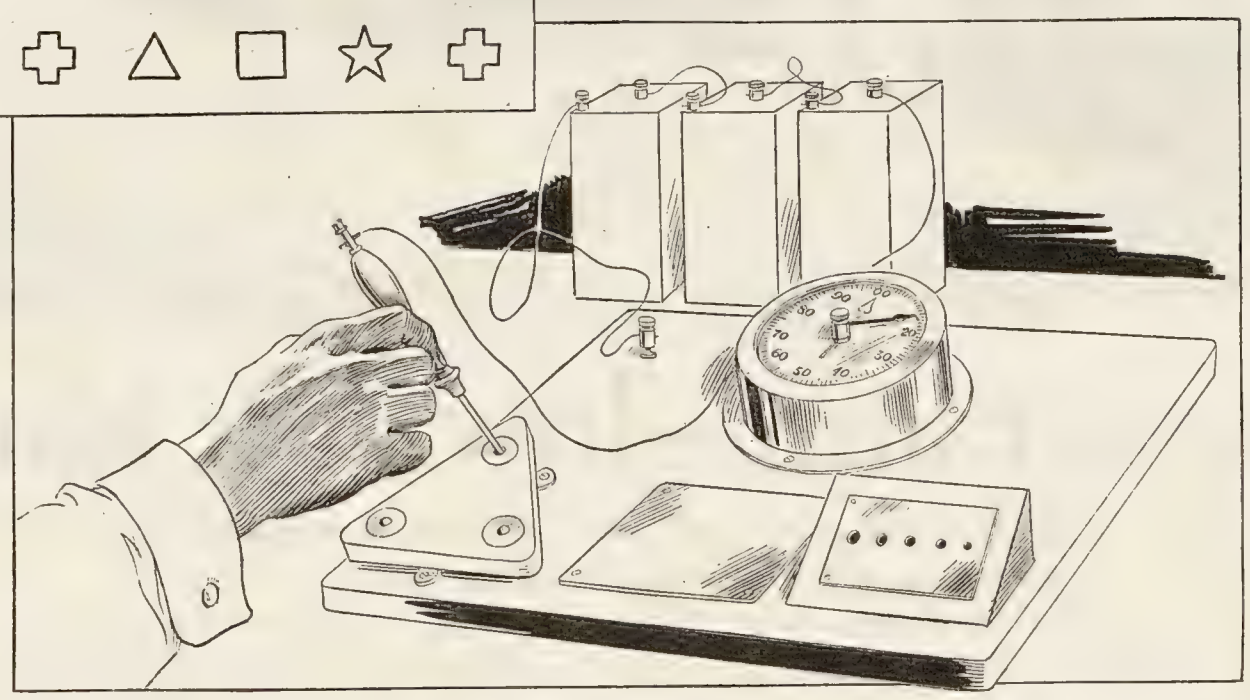
And Statler~Operated Hotel Pennsylvania~New York



Hand and Brain Tests

THE jumbled array of symbols at the left is the form-substitution test. In this the trick is to place the correct number in each design, according to the key at the top. Hagen did this more slowly than the average individual, but made fewer mistakes.

The device illustrated below comprises three tests of speed, accuracy, and steadiness. First, a triangle on which Hagen was told to place the stylus in the holes, round and round, which he did accurately one hundred and thirty-two times in a minute—thirty-seven per cent better than the average; second, an electrically charged plate on which he tapped rhythmically four hundred and seventy-seven contacts a minute, thirty-two per cent better than the average, and third, a series of holes of varying sizes, in which the stylus was to be held without touching the sides. In the last experiment Hagen proved steadier than ninety-nine men out of a hundred.



[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

angle, punching the stylus into the holes cleanly and in waltz measure, without trouble and with perfect timing.

The test, made free arm, naturally produced a slight degree of weariness and affected the third test—for steadiness. That test consists of holding a stylus for fifteen seconds in electrically charged holes of varying sizes. The smallest is hardly larger than the stylus to be inserted in it, the largest about twice the size.

On the first three holes Hagen held the stylus so steadily that he did not touch the sides of any one of the three holes even once. On the next to the smallest hole he touched the sides seven times, and on the smallest was up near the average.

Hagen was steadier than ninety-nine men out of a hundred, even with the handicap of arm weariness.

The reaction tests for hearing and sight showed Hagen far above normal. He was seated inside a cabinet in a dark room, at a key like that of a telegraph instrument. At one spot in the cabinet light would show. An instrument registering thousandths of seconds was connected with a light and with the key. When the light was flashed, the instrument started. When Hagen saw it and closed the key, the register stopped, showing how quickly his eye saw the light and his brain directed his hand to touch the key. In the hearing test the same process was used save that a sound opened the circuit and the subject closed it by touching the key, registering how quickly his hand obeyed the ear.

In the sight test Hagen was far above average, and his speed of sight was marvelous. Probably the test wasn't needed, as Hagen claims he never loses a golf ball, which is the supreme test of sight. In hearing he was just above the average—which may help his golf.

His speed, compared with that of Babe Ruth in the same tests, was slightly less—and again he showed the effects of golf training, which caused him to restrain himself until certain what to do. When he grasped the idea that speed was the desired point, his reactions followed with tremendous rapidity, the click of the light turning on blending with his clicked response so as to be almost instantaneous.

IN sight tests, with colors and different shaped figures on cards placed in a rack with a camera shutter before them, which was open and closed in thousandths of seconds, Hagen's speed of eye was greater than that of any of the rest of us in the laboratory.

Unfortunately, the machine used by Hagen was not the same as the one used in the Ruth test, being an improvement, with the shutter capable of greater speed. The tests proved, however, that both are wonderfully fast in observing and comprehending what they see.

Even at the greatest speed Hagen's blue eyes caught the larger figures, and he was enabled to tell their colors, shapes, and positions on the card. At slower speed he saw and described all four of the figures—a star, square, circle, and pyramid—varying in size, and colored red, blue, green, and yellow.

Hagen also took the standard tests for concentration and accuracy, in marking certain letters and figures off printed cards, and numbering different shaped designs. In these he proved he possesses strong power of concentration and attention to a greater degree than Ruth showed. This perhaps is also the influence of the game.

In stamina and in the fatigue tests Hagen showed clearly why he can go through a week's tournament and finish with more reserve power than his adversaries. He has control of nerves and muscles, and recovers quickly from fatigue. After becoming fatigued he returns to normal almost twice as rapidly as the average man.

These tests are simple but effectually register a person's amount of strength and resistance to fatigue, as well as the speed of recovery. The arm is strapped rigidly upon a board, and, with one finger inserted in a loop, the subject pulls against a spring. The machine registers the amount of strength exerted while recording the pulse beats. After the pulling strain ceases the machine registers the subject's gradual recovery and the return to normal.

After watching Hagen go through the ten tests at Columbia it is quite plain why he can beat the rest of us playing golf, having strength, will power, ability to concentrate, steadiness, and accuracy, but the tests developed one thing which surprised the professors and which was not being sought.

The tests showed that the British open champion possesses the combat spirit—the spirit to win.

In every test he took he figured a way to beat it—to win. He was revealing, unconsciously, the instinct of the winner and showed why he would have been great in any line of competitive sport.

In these tests, of course, the subject is not supposed to have practiced or to be familiar with their nature. Hagen never had seen them. The idea is that the subject shall obey instructions and act perfectly natural so as to let the machines record the mental and physical reactions.

Hagen looked upon every test as a game—and figured immediately how it could be beaten if he should be matched against an adversary. He saw every chance for taking advantage of openings, and seizing every strategic point. The instinct to win is strong in him. He can beat us at golf, and give him a little practice and he will beat us at almost any other game. He plays to win.

In taking the tests, of course, Hagen became interested and followed instructions, so they show accurately his mental and physical strength and agility.

Doctor Johanson, who has given the tests to hundreds of persons, doesn't know much about golf. His conclusions, however, are that whatever game Hagen plays he will be its master.

THE END

The Harvester aim—low-cost hauling

ALMOST a century ago—in 1831 to be exact—the first of the Harvester Company's products began to build a reputation that was to extend through every country of the world. Since then other products have followed, deserving in every instance to be members of this famous line.

Twenty years ago motor trucks were added. During the years that followed, the International organization has played a steadily constructive part in the progress of motor transportation.

The mechanical excellence of International Trucks has advanced in keeping with the standards set by other products of this Company throughout its history.

Today the accumulated International experience is evident in outstanding features of design, such as the life-guaranteed ball-bearing crankshaft, the removable cylinders, steer-easy steering gear, and auxiliary rear springs. And the International reputation is reflected in the fact that the entire capacity of three great factories is required for the manufacture of International Trucks.

Good trucks for twenty years—better trucks now than ever!

The International line includes a Speed Truck for 2000-pound loads; Heavy-Duty Trucks ranging from 3000 to 10,000 pounds, maximum capacities; and Motor Coaches for all requirements

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F O R L O W - C O S T H A U L I N G

Three great factories are devoted exclusively to the manufacture of International Trucks. The 111 company branches listed here are scattered from coast to coast—the farther you go from one the nearer you get to another. This is the largest company-owned truck service organization in the world.

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Akron, Ohio
Albany, N. Y.
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Atlanta, Ga.
Auburn, N. Y.
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Baltimore, Md.
Billings, Mont.
Birmingham, Ala.
Bismarck, N. D.
Boston, Mass.
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Buffalo, N. Y.
Camden, N. J.
Cedar Falls, Iowa
Cedar Rapids, Iowa
Charlotte, N. C.
Chattanooga, Tenn.
Cheyenne, Wyo.
Chicago, Ill. (3)
Cincinnati, Ohio
Cleveland, Ohio
Columbia, S. C.
Columbus, Ohio
Council Bluffs, Iowa
Dallas, Tex.
Davenport, Iowa
Dayton, Ohio
Denver, Colo.
Des Moines, Iowa
Detroit, Mich.
Dubuque, Iowa
Duluth, Minn.
East St. Louis, Ill.
Eau Claire, Wis.
Elmira, N. Y.
El Paso, Tex.
Evansville, Ind.
Fargo, N. D.
Fort Dodge, Iowa
Fort Wayne, Ind.
Fort Worth, Tex.
Grand Forks, N. D.
Grand Rapids, Mich.
Green Bay, Wis.
Harrisburg, Pa.
Helena, Mont.
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Indianapolis, Ind.
Jackson, Mich.
Jacksonville, Fla.
Jersey City, N. J.
Kankakee, Ill.
Kansas City, Mo.
Knoxville, Tenn.
Lincoln, Neb.
Little Rock, Ark.
Long Island City, N.Y.
Los Angeles, Calif.
Louisville, Ky.
Madison, Wis.
Mankato, Minn.
Mason City, Iowa
Memphis, Tenn.
Milwaukee, Wis.
Minneapolis, Minn.
Minot, N. D.
Nashville, Tenn.
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Oklahoma City, Okla.
Omaha, Neb.
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Parsons, Kan.
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Pittsburgh, Pa.
Portland, Ore.
Quincy, Ill.
Richmond, Ind.
Richmond, Va.
Rochester, N. Y.
Rockford, Ill.
Saginaw, Mich.
St. Cloud, Minn.
St. Joseph, Mo.
St. Louis, Mo.
Salina, Kan.
Salt Lake City, Utah
San Antonio, Tex.
San Francisco, Calif.
Shreveport, La.
Sioux City, Iowa
Sioux Falls, S. D.
South Bend, Ind.
Spokane, Wash.
Springfield, Ill.
Springfield, Mass.
Springfield, Mo.
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The above company branches and more than 1500 dealers the country over insure to International owners everywhere all the service from these trucks that the Harvester Company has built into them.

Must Our Cities Revolt?

Some Successes and Disappointments of a Year's Struggles Against a Sinister Development in American Politics

Cartoon by CAREY ORR

Our cities share the plight of Samson. The Delilahs of the countryside have shorn them of their legislative locks.

By ARTHUR SEARS HENNING

P. & A. Photo

JOHN B. FERGUS, who is playing a peculiarly interesting part in the fight between Chicago and rural Illinois.

CHICAGO, America's second city, is in tentative insurrection against the authority of its sovereign State. Cannon have yet to rumble through the streets, and barricades to appear; but, as the eloquent Patrick Henry told the Continental Congress, "Gentlemen may cry peace! peace! But there *is* no peace. The war is actually begun!"

The revolt centers around the ancient refusal of the State Legislature to reorganize itself so as to accord Chicago its constitutional number of seats; and Chicago has decided to force the issue.

Chicago, and the rest of Cook County, in which Chicago is situated, owe the treasury of Illinois a balance of $4,610,000 on a yearly tax bill of $7,895,000. This sum is banked in La Salle Street, Chicago's financial thoroughfare, to the credit of County Treasurer Patrick J. Carr. In the normal course of events it would soon be transferred to the Capitol at Springfield, whence it would be disbursed to discharge the debts of the State at large.

But, according to the Board of Cook County Commissioners, the State will get none of it—until the Legislature (which is dominated by Illinois's rural population) gives the city its proper representation.

Chicago and Cook County hurled the gauntlet at their country cousins in a resolution recently adopted by the county board at the behest of a woman member, Mrs. E. W. Bemis. This resolution directed Mr. Carr to suspend tax payments to the State indefinitely. The resolution proceeds upon the theory that the present members of the Legislature by denying Chicago its constitutional representation and holding to their seats by main strength and awkwardness, form an unconstitutional body which is without authority to appropriate public money.

Governor Small, who is a resident of Kankakee and hence a natural partisan of the rural districts, asserts that the revolt is a joke, but that he is not inclined to let the jest continue at the State's expense. The bondsmen of Treasurer Carr are beginning to look apprehensive, because the law provides a heavy penalty for a county treasurer who withholds the State's tax funds.

State's Attorney Crowe of Cook County has advised Mr. Carr that he (Carr) must be the arbiter of what shall happen next. The board of county commissioners, which recently ordered the treasurer to defy the authority of the State by making no more tax payments, cannot legally control the treasurer's conduct in the opinion of Mr. Crowe, although the latter is not opposed to the board's action in principle.

In other words, Mr. Carr can pay—if he wants to. If he doesn't want to, Mr. Carr and his bondsmen face the possibility of costly litigation, in which the county board, which started all the trouble, seems likely to figure merely as an interested bystander.

There is hardly a doubt that the Governor will not permit the Attorney General to remain passive. For unless Mr. Carr disobeys the county board's mandate and divests himself of the $4,610,000—which (subject to more serious reflection) he has said he will not do—there is serious doubt that the State can meet all its pay rolls and some of its activities may have to be curtailed.

So we shall see—what we shall see!

The present predicament of Chicago—and, for that matter, of almost every city of importance in the United States—is somewhat Biblical in its precedent. While Samson slept, Delilah bobbed his hair; and Samson, emerging from the Land of Nod, found himself somewhat put about to determine what to do. But, being an ex-judge, and hence (in those days) a wise man, Samson bided his time until, eventually, he was able to pull the temple down upon his tormentors' heads.

Our cities share today something of the plight of Samson. While, figuratively, they've been snoozing at the political switch, the Delilahs of the countryside have shorn them of their legislative locks.

A few weeks ago I wrote on this subject in Liberty. It looked at that time as if the cities would remain enmeshed in their bonds for some time to come. But since then the captive has writhed with such desperate purpose, and to such good effect, that some of its ropes have begun to stretch, and the countryside is beginning to feel well-defined alarm.

Will the cities revolt? Chicago has. But will the rest? Maybe they will, but maybe they won't have to!

It must be understood at the outset that the rural communities control most of the Legislatures of the States. Both the cities and the countrysides, as you must know, are divided into legislative districts, each of which elects (let us say) two members of the State's principal law-making body. The intent of the law has been that every ten years, following each

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Federal census, these districts should be readjusted so as to contain, as nearly as possible, the same number of residents.

But about 1900 the rural districts in many States, seeing their time-honored preponderance of influence in State affairs about to pass away in consequence of the cities' growth, decided that the process had gone far enough. At the moment they held the majority of legislative seats—and in many commonwealths they decided then and there to keep that majority, by the exceedingly simple process of forgetting to reapportion the State. And in that position they have intrenched themselves, while the disparity, as people continue to flock into the cities, grows worse every year.

It follows that a Legislator elected from a city represents more voters than a Legislator elected from a rural district. Yet their voice in the making of laws is the same.

This is the condition which the cities have found intolerable, and from which it is not illogical to infer they might eventually revolt. The present trend of events is otherwise, however. It looks as if the cities would be set free of their legislative impediments without having to resort to dynamiting the jail.

DETROIT, the automotive industry's child of destiny, is the first of our cities to loosen its bonds. A few fetters remain to clank at its heels, but it is much better off than it used to be.

For years Wayne County, in which Detroit is situated, has been battling unsuccessfully with the rest of Michigan over the apportionment of legislative seats. Michigan's custom has been to maintain a Legislature of thirty-two Senators and one hundred Representatives. Of the thirty-two Senators, Wayne County, with one-third of Michigan's population, has had only five, or fifteen per cent. In the House, instead of having one-third of the one hundred Representatives, Wayne has had only fourteen, or fourteen per cent.

This spring, however, Michigan gave Wayne County seven Senators and twenty-one Representatives. The proportion is not yet correct, but it is a great improvement from Detroit's point of view.

Rhode Island, too, is on the road to freedom. After a struggle marked by the flight of several of its rural Senators to Massachusetts, where they hoped to escape voting on the question, America's tiniest commonwealth now has a commission studying the problem, with instructions to report a fair solution to the next meeting of the Legislature.

In other States peace is not so near.

Alabama, for example, is a State where three shorn Samsons—Birmingham, Montgomery, and Mobile—awoke last year, surveyed their bonds, and began straining lustily at them. Their case is interesting, because rural Alabama had done unusually well in fettering them.

Alabama, with a population of 2,348,174, sends one hundred and six Representatives to the Legislature, or one to every 22,000 people. On this basis Jefferson County, containing Birmingham, Bessemer, and 400,000 people, should have eighteen Representatives. It has only eight. The other cities suffer similarly.

But this isn't all. From Jefferson County last year Alabama drew $1,500,000 in gasoline taxes, but Jefferson got back only about one-sixth, inasmuch as it had to share equally with the other sixty-six counties in the proceeds from the State as a whole. Likewise with the automobile license tax. And another melon-cutting is in prospect for next year, when the rural counties expect to have the State issue $75,000,000 worth of good roads bonds. According to their plan, the counties will share equally in the benefits, and the cities will foot most of the bill. This, the cities feel, is pushing a good thing too far, and they are girding themselves to fight.

Since the last session of the Legislature killed the urban proposition to redistrict the State, the fight will center about the Governorship race scheduled for next year. The cities plan to seat a Governor friendly to their interests, and through him to exercise a veto power, if nothing more, upon the plans of ruraldom. Then the contending parties will be deadlocked, and rural Alabama—the cities hope—will be forced to compromise.

Another interesting storm cloud is the one now lowering over the peaceful corn fields of Iowa. Here, curiously enough, the rural party, not the urban, is the aggressor. Not satisfied with the present state of affairs, ruraldom is out, not to tighten old bonds, but to fashion new ones—bonds that will fetter the cities for all time to come.

The central figure in the movement is Fred C. Gilchrist of Pocahontas County, a farming community boasting some half dozen towns of roughly one thousand people each.

Mr. Gilchrist expects to run for Attorney General of the State next year on the city restriction issue, and already he has fired his opening gun in the campaign. This consists of a constitutional amendment, passed by the last Legislature, providing that every county in Iowa shall send one, and only one, Senator to future meetings of the law-making body.

Naturally, counties such as Pottawattamie, containing the city of Council Bluffs, and Polk, with the city of Des Moines, do not relish having the same representation as Pocahontas County. So these larger communities are hiding in the grass, with the amiable purpose of smiting Mr. Gilchrist's political ambitions. Also, they are preparing to smite the Gilchrist amendment, both in the next Legislature and if it comes up on referendum—for the Iowa constitution provides that any amendment must pass two successive Legislatures, and then be submitted to popular vote of the State.

MINNESOTA'S case is similar, save that in the Gopher State the cities are the aggressors. Minnesota's plan of representation, it is charged, overlooks the fact that the present allotment of seats ignores some 400,000 excess voters in the three large cities of Minneapolis, St. Paul, and Duluth. Since this excess is a considerable item in a State boasting some 2,400,000 inhabitants, these three cities want their position recognized, and put up a doughty fight in the last session of the Legislature to that end. They were defeated and now, under the leadership of John E. Stevens of Minneapolis, they are trying another scheme.

Briefly, their plan is to give each county one Representative regardless of population, and then allot extra Representatives according to population. With this plan in hand, they are dealing with the major political parties, promising to throw support to whichever will sponsor their program.

The Illinois battle, in addition to Cook County's revolt, already described, enjoys the distinction of being decidedly complicated by the activities of a highly picturesque individual—Mr. John B. Fergus of Chicago, who proposes to win Chicago its rights by suing as a citizen and taxpayer.

The notion of an individual assailing the entire rural portion of a State may sound fantastic—and, indeed, rural Illinois has emitted peals of loud and raucous laughter over the proposal. But running through the laughter, friends of Mr. Fergus assert, there is a faint false note born of past experience with him.

For example, Mr. Fergus launched a similar attack upon the appropriations passed by the Legislature of 1915. The politicians laughed then, but laughter changed to dismay when the courts announced that Mr. Fergus was right, and that the money appropriated could not be spent. The State found itself in a pretty mess—unable to pay salaries, or turn a wheel in any other fiscal matter. It was over a year before the Fergus knots could be untied.

Mr. Fergus now contends, like the authorities of Cook County, that the present Legislature, having been elected under the 1900 apportionment of seats, when it should have been elected under a 1920 apportionment, is not a legally elected body. He therefore proposes to enter the Supreme Court of Illinois and have the Legislature compelled to mend its ways by mandatory process.

THAT this procedure has respectable legal standing is indicated by events in Wisconsin. Wisconsin is one of the few States where there is no tinkering with apportionment, for the reason that, back in the '90's, the Wisconsin Supreme Court threw out an attempted juggled reapportionment as unjust and discriminatory. A second hocused reapportionment fared no better; and since then there has been no hocus-pocus in the apportionment of legislative seats in Wisconsin.

So, with Mr. Fergus and the Cook County Board both breathing fire and threats of trouble, the omens promise interesting times for Illinois.

In the States mentioned so far, the issue has been clean cut—city vs. country. But in two States—California and Colorado—there is confusion because there are, so to speak, revolts within the urban army.

Those who have enjoyed even long-range contact with California need not be told that little love is lost between Los Angeles and San Francisco. Both cities suffer from the apportionment of seats in the Legislature. But San Francisco, upon taking stock last year, found a reapportionment would cause it to lose representation, as compared with Los Angeles. Better anything than that—so San Francisco joined with its quondam enemies of the countrysides in the slaughter of reapportionment bills.

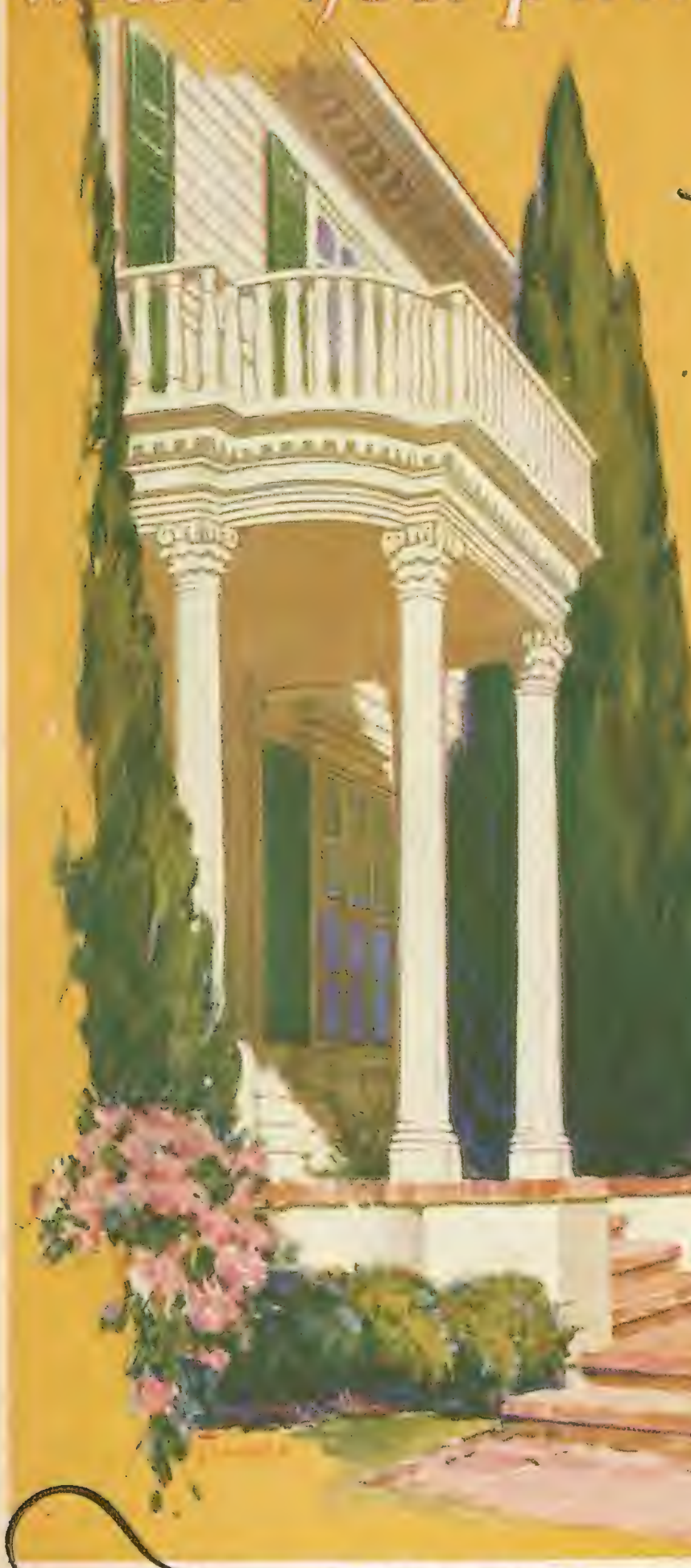
While intercity jealousy is not bitter in Colorado, Denver nevertheless is against reapportionment. The present allotment of seats is based upon population conditions as they were when mining was in its heyday, with Denver, Cripple Creek, and Leadville riding the crest of the wave. Eastern Colorado then was largely a dusty prairie, and western Colorado a desert. Now, however, thanks to dry farming and irrigation, the eastern and western parts of the State are filling up, and the mining towns are slipping in proportion. Since Denver's sympathies run with the mining districts, she is interested in keeping matters as they are.

An actual revolt on the part of our urban populations—with recourse to arms and the like—is, perhaps, a fantastic flight of the imagination. Yet in 1819 there was bloodshed in Manchester as the upshot of the rotten borough agitation, and some thirteen years later the Reform Bill was passed.

The cities of the United States are just beginning to foment their revolt. That highly interesting events impend, ere they achieve victory, is a foregone conclusion.

THE END

When you paint WHITE, use Zinc-O-Lith



A White that *is* White and *stays* White

"THERE'S nothing quite so satisfying as a home dressed in rich, pure white," that's what most folks say. White enhances the attractiveness of any home. It accentuates the lines of architectural beauty. It contrasts with the background of green or bright colored autumn foliage. On small cottage, town house or country estate it gives striking individuality to the dwelling.

But white to be right must stay white. And here you find the reason why so many homes today are painted with Zinc-O-Lith, the new white that IS white and stays white. The other big reason is—"it *costs less*" and that's because the new and better ingredients from which it is made *cost less*. Then again, Zinc-O-Lith covers a larger surface and flows on so smoothly and easily that it saves the painter's time.

When there are so many advantages to be gained by painting white with Zinc-O-Lith, why not paint that way? It's an easy thing to do because there is a Zinc-O-Lith dealer near you, ready to supply this better white, and a Zinc-O-Lith painter ready to apply it.

An Easy Way to Paint
20% Down—10 Monthly Payments
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T. L. Blood & Company
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The American Paint Works
New Orleans

Twin City Varnish Company
St. Paul

The Forest City Paint & Varnish Co.
Cleveland

The A. Wilhelm Company
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Nubian Paint & Varnish Company
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In Canada:
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By controlling the source of our raw materials and by the most painstaking of chemical research, we have discovered and developed new paint making ingredients which have both improved the product and reduced its cost. No wonder, then, that Zinc-O-Lith has gained country-wide popularity in such a short time.

Adrian D Joyce
President

Zinc-O-Lith—*the paint that's* ALL *paint*

Give back to your gums the that soft

YOUR FOOD is too soft, too easily conquered by your teeth. It lulls your gums to sleep. It relieves them of the exercise and stimulation that mean life and health—that keep the blood-stream flowing freely in their walls.

You can repair this lack, this loss of circulation to your gums, in just a minute or two a day. You can keep your gums firm and healthy while you clean your teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste.

Daily care of your gums is as important as daily cleaning of your teeth

• • • • • •

Like all important truths, the truth about the relation between the gums and the teeth is a very simple one. It is this:

You can't have sound teeth without healthy gums. And you can't have healthy gums unless you exercise them.

Coarse, fibrous food formed the backbone of nature's plan to supply stimulation to the gums. It kept the circulation going. It kept the gums firm, pink and healthy, with a plentiful supply of rich, red blood. Even today people who eat such food, who chew it well, escape almost scot-free from those stubborn troubles that attack the teeth through the gums.

How soft food and hasty eating lead to troubles of the gums

But the diet of most of us is soft. We peel our fruits. We husk our wheat. We relish rich desserts and flaky pastries. We cover our food with creamy sauces. And finally, through our national bad habit of hasty eating, we deprive our gums of what little stimulation they still might receive from the denatured food we eat.

As a result, "pink toothbrush" and kindred ills are more prevalent than ever before. As one authority puts it:

"Were we dependent on these natural agencies for the health of the oral tissues, we might well despair of ever controlling dental degeneration and infection. We have not been willing to revert to a state of nature as regards our physical habits, nor are we likely to do so in our dietary."

But what you *can* do is to stimulate your gums, to revive their circulation, by a simple little addition to the daily care you give your teeth.

How daily care with Ipana helps to build sound gums

As you brush your teeth, work your brush gently, but firmly, over your gums *toward* your teeth, not away from them. Better yet is a finger massage after the regular brushing. And many practitioners direct that the massage as well as the brushing be performed with Ipana.

For, because of its tonic effect, Ipana helps the massage. This it can do because of the presence of ziratol, a valuable antiseptic and hemostatic used by the profession to allay bleeding and to restore gum tissue to its normal tonicity. It is ziratol that gives Ipana its remarkable power to tone and to strengthen weak, undernourished gum tissue.

This is the reason for its hearty support by the dentists, to whom our professional men have demonstrated Ipana for four years. It is to professional recommendations that Ipana owes its start.

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Despite the coupon on this page, the best thing to do is to get a large tube at your nearest drug store. The ten-day tube can only start the good work. A full-size tube, which will last for a hundred brushings, will show you the start of firmer, harder, healthier gums and a clean, sweet and wholesome mouth.

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From a British authority:

"Civilized life carries with it many disadvantages and one of the most pronounced is the tendency of our teeth to early decay. The reason is partly to be found in the universal use of prepared foods and methods of cooking."

From an article in a New York dental journal:

"Mastication of tough, uncooked food gave exercise to the jaws of prehistoric man. Such use of the teeth promoted the most vigorous circulation and a very decided massage of the gingiva (gum structure). The friction of the coarse food produced a stimulation which made for cell multiplication, thus providing a covering resistant to mechanical injury."

From a professional paper:

"If the gums begin to soften, the patient is instructed to massage his gums once a day until they are hard again, and then more thoroughly to masticate fibrous foods, such as raw vegetables and fruits."

From an investigation on diseases of the gums:

"We can thus, I think, safely infer that inefficient mastication is a potent cause of pyorrhea; and the chief cause of inefficient mastication being the eating of soft foods, we must also conclude that the latter practice is chiefly responsible for the disease in question."

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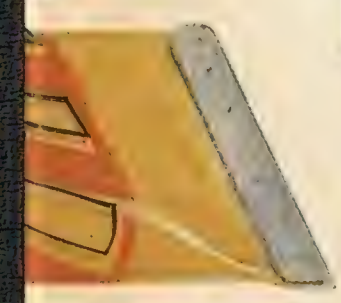

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Aladdin PATENTED Thermalware Jar

Keeps Food or Liquids Hot or Cold

Holds a Gallon

Sixteen big cups of liquid or eight pounds of food—enough for all—for all day.

Genuine Aladdins are rustproof, wearproof and *permanently* efficient

A *genuine* Aladdin never acquires a "musty" odor.

Its insulating stopper is of sturdy silvered glass—*and therefore sanitary!*

Cork would be cheaper. But cork is porous. It absorbs food substances. Used in a jar of this nature, it can easily become moldy. *You don't want anything moldy to touch what you eat.*

Similarly, aluminum would cost less. But it is an ideal conductor. So an aluminum stopper could not keep the contents so hot or cold.

The inner jar of an Aladdin is absolutely non-porous. Liquids cannot seep into or through its vitrified, porcelain-like, white-glazed surface to decompose or to dampen the insulation and decrease its thermal efficiency.

The inner jar is *smooth as china*—no cracks or crevices, no rough spots to catch and hold food particles. *Absolutely sanitary!*

The patented neck-seal which joins this inner jar to the outer jacket of heavy rust-proof steel, is *guaranteed permanently* leak-proof. Guaranteed to prevent insanitary seepage into the insulation. Water-logging of insulation soon ruins the ability of ordinary jars to resist heat or cold. For these reasons especially, insist on *genuine* Aladdins—the original, largest selling and the world's best large thermal jars.

Imitated in looks—but remember: only *genuine* Aladdins are rust-proof, wear-proof, leak-proof, *permanently* sanitary and *permanently* efficient in keeping food or liquids hot or cold for *more* hours.

Green enameled Aladdins, gallon size, $5. "DeLuxe" models (aluminum-jacketed, glass-lined): Gallon size, $8.50; two quart, $7.50. All jars 50c more in far West.

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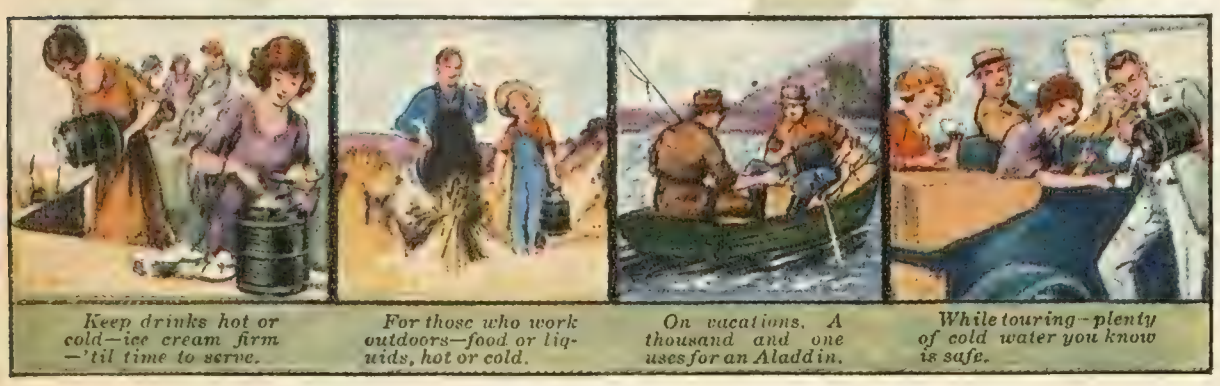


Keep drinks hot or cold—ice cream firm —'til time to serve.

For those who work outdoors—food or liquids, hot or cold.

On vacations. A thousand and one uses for an Aladdin.

While touring—plenty of cold water you know is safe.

$5.50 in the far West

The Ice Box and Its Foods

By ETHEL M. SOMERS

Ethel M. Somers, Ph.B., is a graduate of the Department of Home Economics, University of Chicago. She comes to Liberty after six years of teaching experience in both children's and adults' home economics classes. We hope her experience with foods will become yours and that you will bring your problems to her for solution, by writing her in care of Liberty, inclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Glass service gives the final refining touch to ice box cake.

FOOD would never spoil if it were not for microscopic living somethings called yeasts, bacteria, and molds floating about in the air, particularly on dust particles. As the air circulates they settle out and, finding a suitable resting place where moisture, warmth, and food are present, they multiply rapidly so long as conditions are favorable. Food spoils because the bacteria or molds decompose it by feeding on it.

If, on the other hand, any of the three favoring conditions is not supplied, these micro-organisms will remain dormant. Ice box temperature (45-55° F.) is some 30° or more below the temperature required for flourishing growth of micro-organisms, and checks their development. Iced foods remain fresh long, and cold storage foods keep indefinitely except for their change in flavor.

Most good ice boxes on the market keep food well because they are well made. Economical usage requires that the ice chest be kept filled with ice (if the box is of the ice type). As the warmer air in the box is cooled by the melting ice, it settles to the lower stratum, becomes warmed as it comes in contact with the foods, rises, and recirculates. Wrapping or covering the ice with a paper blanket saves the ice, but in so doing prevents adequate cooling of the air within the box and thus eventually wastes food.

Since ventilation is produced by constant settling of cold air just below the ice and the rising of this same air as it becomes warmed through contact with the foods, we are taught the correct arrangement of foods within the box. Put such foods as milk, butter, eggs, and meat lowest, where the air is coldest and odorless. Never put these directly on the ice. On the next shelf above comes the salad, and above all of these the berries and odoriferous vegetables. Hang a sizable piece of fresh charcoal (daily freshened by a few minutes of boiling in water) near the top of the box; keep the box thoroughly cleansed; keep all foods covered. The air in the box will remain sweet no matter how diversified the content.

Ice Box Cake

24 lady fingers
2 squares or ounces chocolate
½ cup granulated sugar
¼ cup water
4 egg yolks
1 cup butter
2 cups of confectioners' sugar
4 egg whites
1 cup cream, whipped
½ teaspoon vanilla
2 tablespoons powdered sugar

LINE the bottom and sides of a pie pan or a removable rim pan or spring form, with split lady fingers, placing them close together with the rounded side down. Cook the chocolate, granulated sugar, and water over water in a double boiler until the chocolate is melted, and the mixture smooth. This will take about five minutes. *Very* gradually stir in the beaten egg yolks. Stir constantly and cook until thick and smooth (about five minutes). Cool. Cream the butter and gradually work in the sifted confectioners' sugar. Then add the egg mixture and mix well. Fold in the stiffly beaten whites. Pour this filling onto the lady fingers. Set in ice box twenty-four hours. Remove to service plate. Decorate with flavored whipped cream (one cup cream, two tablespoons powdered sugar, one-half teaspoon vanilla). This recipe makes a large cake. Sheet sponge cake may be substituted for the lady fingers. The chocolate may be omitted and one cup of crumbled dried macaroons or one cup of any fruit, finely sliced or pulped, such as strawberries, pineapple, apricot, etc., may be added to the creamed butter and sugar mixture.

Charlotte Russe

18 lady fingers or sheet sponge cake cut one-half inch thick
1 cup heavy cream
⅓ cup powdered sugar
½ teaspoon vanilla
1 egg white

SPLIT the lady fingers and cut in half. Line the bottom and sides of six small molds or one large mold. Beat the cream stiff, then fold in flavoring and stiffly beaten egg white. Fill the forms with the whipped cream. Garnish the top with the aid of a pastry tube and sliced fruit. Keep iced until needed.

Lady Fingers

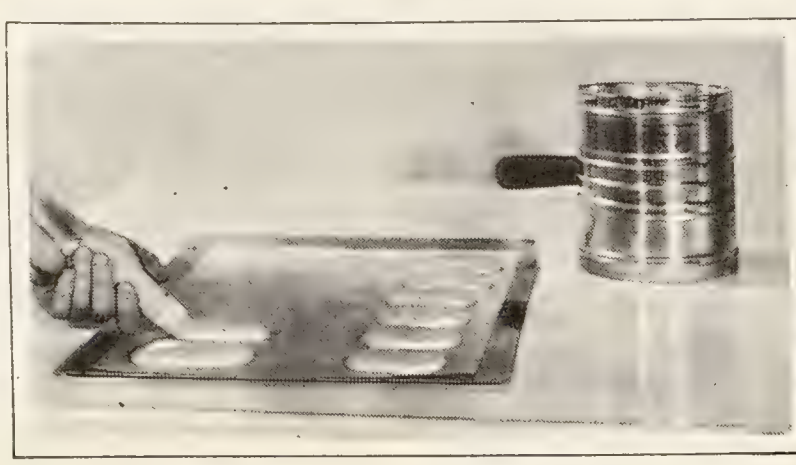
5 tablespoons powdered sugar
3 egg whites
2 egg yolks
½ teaspoon vanilla
½ cup flour
¼ teaspoon salt

BEAT the egg whites stiff. Fold in the sifted powdered sugar. Add the well beaten yolks and flavoring. Sift the flour and salt several times and fold them lightly into the egg mixture. Put wax paper, not greased, on a baking sheet. Press the batter through a pastry bag onto the paper, forming it in strips four inches long and one inch wide. Sprinkle with powdered sugar and bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) for ten to fifteen minutes.

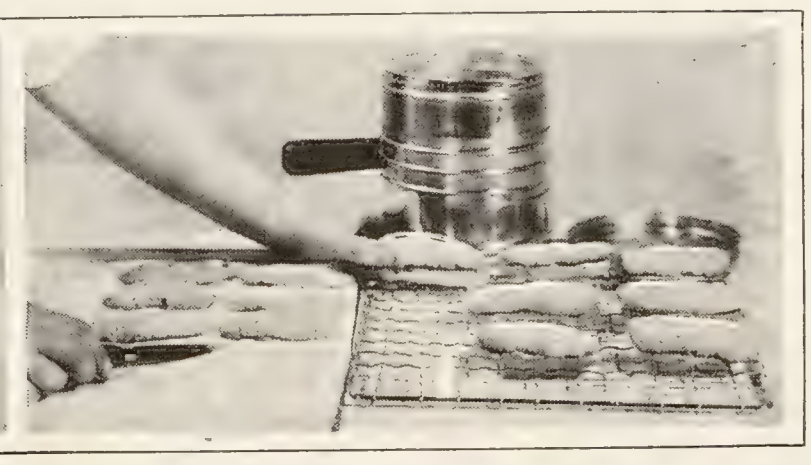
Macaroons

½ pound sweet almonds
½ pound powdered sugar
2 egg whites

BLANCH the almonds and pound them to a smooth paste. Work in the sugar and stiffly beaten egg whites, using a spatula or the back of a spoon. Knead until smooth. Shape by pressing through a pastry bag or drop by teaspoonfuls on a greased baking sheet which has been covered with waxed paper. Leave one inch between the macaroons. The mixture will be stiff enough to hold its shape. Bake in a slow oven (350° F.) twenty minutes. Remove from the oven, invert the paper, and remove the macaroons. If they should happen to stick, wet the reverse side of the paper with a cloth wrung out of cold water.



Forming lady fingers by pressing batter through a pastry bag.



Placing two baked lady fingers together gives the final product.

Macaroon Bisque

1 cup heavy cream
¼ cup powdered sugar
½ teaspoon vanilla
6 crumbled macaroons
Cherries and whole macaroons for garnishing.

WHIP the cream stiff and flavor it by folding the sugar and vanilla and broken macaroons in lightly. Pile into sherbet glasses and decorate with macaroons and a cherry.

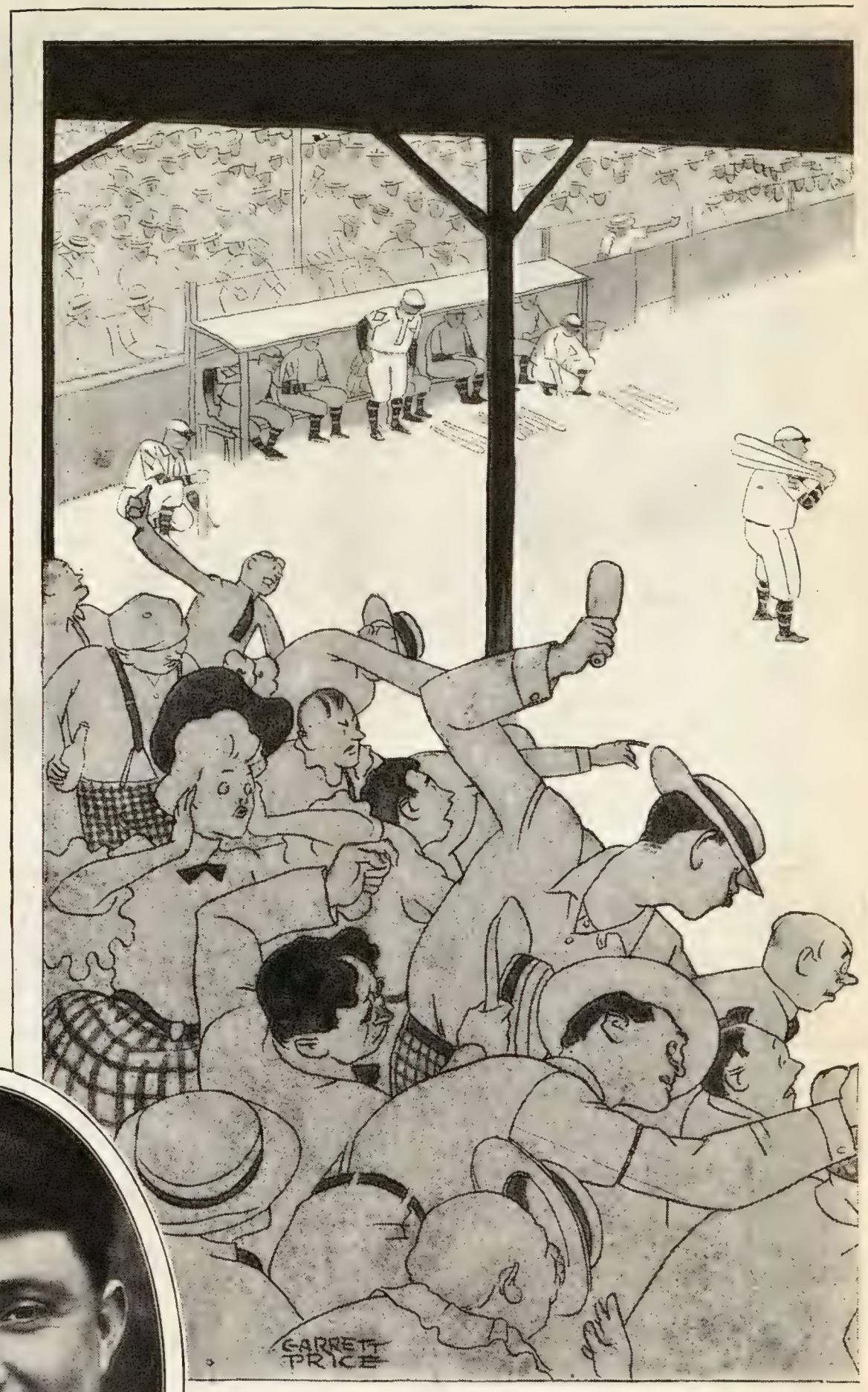
Twenty Years

A Big League UMPIRE

The Inside Story of One of the Most Famous Careers in Baseball

By BILLY EVANS

Who Has Umpired More Than 3,000 Games in the American League



Picture by GARRETT PRICE

BILLY EVANS owes his major league career, as he told in an earlier installment of his reminiscences, to an angry mob, which literally chased him into the American League. Having started life as a baseball reporter in Youngstown, Ohio, after attending Cornell University, he was drafted as umpire one day when the regular arbiter failed to appear. This led to steady employment, and all went well until a mob in Niles, Ohio, angered by a close decision, chased him from the field. His conduct was observed by an American League manager, and the manager's report led Ban Johnson, president of the league, to offer Evans a job.

Evans started work in 1906, and had a tough year of it, owing particularly to the Chicago White Sox, who had taken up their owner's quarrel with Johnson, and heckled Evans as a means of striking at Johnson. Evans, however, stuck it out and came back full of enthusiasm for 1907, his second year as a big league arbiter.

How Billy Evans looks when persuaded to "sit for his picture" in working togs.

CHAPTER III.

FEELING THE WRATH OF THE MOB

THE year 1907 brought my career to a crisis. That summer, in fact, was a series of crises, the greatest of which came when a pop bottle hurled by a boy threatened for a time to close my career.

Ball players charge that being hit on the head by that bottle, which fractured my skull and laid me in hospital at the point of death for days, made me a good umpire. Perhaps they are only intimating slyly that I was no good before that. It did, however, make me more determined than ever, won sympathy from the crowd, and, better than any effect it may have had upon me, did much to check and stop the throwing of bottles.

That year I was in hot water many times for enforcing the rules. I was the first umpire to banish Hughie Jennings from an American ball field. The same old Hughie Jennings who was coach of the Cornell University baseball team that I tried to make in 1901. Jennings tried to "put one over on me," but he happened to catch me looking—and out he went.

Don't think from that that I hold anything against Jennings or that there is any misunderstanding between us today. As a matter of fact, Hughie and I are close friends today, and I am one of his greatest admirers. If he reads this I am sure it will cause him many a chuckle.

The Philadelphia Athletics were playing at Detroit, and the game went into the ninth inning a tie. Charley Schmidt, Detroit catcher, was on first base with two out as the result of a single. Then came Charley O'Leary, Tiger second sacker, with a terrific drive to left field. I knew as soon as the ball was hit that it would enable Schmidt to score with the winning run, so I kept careful watch on all the bases as Charley tore for home. He touched second all right, and then, with plenty of time to spare, he cut third by about two feet. Philadelphia's shortstop, Monte Cross, rushed over to me.

"Did you see him, Bill? Did you see him cut the bag?" he shouted.

Of course I had seen it, but it was not my place to say anything. There was nothing for me to do until a play had been made. And so Schmidt crossed the plate with what everybody thought was the winning run. The fans, yelling, started to stream out of the park and the Tigers began hiking for the clubhouse.

Jennings was coaching at third base—pulling grass, of course, and bellowing his famous "ee-yah." And Jennings had seen Charley Schmidt cut third, and he knew darn well I had seen it, too. So when the outfielder threw in the ball Jennings, instead of letting the Phil-

AT this point pop bottles began to fall on the diamond, but we paid little attention to them.

We were umpiring a series in Chicago. Tim was working at first base, and all the close decisions appeared to be going to the visiting team. It was the latter part of April.

About the fifth inning the crowd in the twenty-five cent seats, which were so close at the old White Sox park that the fans could almost reach out and pull off the base umpire's cap, began to take exceptions to Tim's rulings. They did so in a forceful manner, throwing pop bottles and others which had contained something stronger than pop. Hurst paid no attention, going about his work as if everything was peaceful. Luckily, not one of the missiles hit him.

WHEN we reached our dressing room I marveled that he had escaped the glassware shower without being hit. Hurst, who was a happy-go-lucky individual if there ever was one, smiled as he replied:

"You needn't worry about those boys in April, May, or June, Willie; they lack control. However, when the warm weather sets in prepare to do a lot of skillful dodging; they are deadly at one hundred yards."

It was in late September, a decidedly warm day, that I took the count of nine as the result of a bottle thrown with perfect control at a distance of close to one hundred yards. Tim knew what he was talking about.

My collision with a pop bottle predicted by Tim happened in St. Louis. Detroit and St. Louis, hot in the pennant fight, had hooked up in one of those "crucial" games which always draw the crowds and call for special ground rules. The fans that day had overflowed into the outfield and were roped off. The rules were that any ball hit into the crowd was to go for a two-base hit. Any ball hit out of the park, of course, went for a home run.

Now—and this little detail had an important bearing on the events of that memorable day—in the extreme corner of the left-field fence there was a little hole through which the concession men passed their sandwiches and soft drinks and such. There was a gate to the opening and the gate usually was kept closed. If it had remained shut throughout the game everything would have been all right. As it was, the mere fact that it was left open for a while nearly cost me my life. Late in the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Hughie Jennings, Evans' college coach, whom Evans chased from the field in 1907.

adelphia player take the throw, ran onto the diamond, caught the ball himself, and ran for the clubhouse.

There was a pretty kettle of fish. The fans all leaving or swarming on the ball field, thinking the game had been won by Detroit. The Tigers themselves were beating it for the showers. And Hughie Jennings with the ball in play tucked safely away in his pocket. There *was* a fine situation.

Monte Cross was crazy mad.

"What the hell do you call that?" he sputtered. "Are you going to let him get away with that?"

"Nobody's going to get away with anything, Monte."

"Well, what are you going to do about it?"

"Well, what are *you* going to do about it?" I countered. "I'm not playing in this ball game, am I?"

"Did you see him run away with that ball?"

"Sure. What do you want me to do?"

"Give me a ball." Monte was mad clean through, but he was smart enough to know what was necessary to retire Charley Schmidt at third. I pulled a ball out of my pocket and gave it to him. He touched the bag.

"All right," I announced; "man's out. The run doesn't count. Now, let's finish the game."

Well, that was a mixup! Some of the Detroit players had seen what I had done, and soon I was surrounded by an angry crowd of them. In the midst of the argument Jennings came out, innocently demanding to know what it was all about.

"What's the trouble? What's the trouble?"

This was the last straw.

"Trouble enough," I snapped. "And you caused it all. Just for being smart and getting me into this hole you can go right back to the clubhouse—and this time stay there. I'm going to clear the field and finish this game."

And that I did. The crowd was "on my neck," but fortunately Detroit won out in extra innings, otherwise a police escort or ambulance might have been necessary for me.

After the affair had settled I recalled, with a grim sense of humor, a trite remark made to me earlier in the year by Tim Hurst.

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Dear Sir: Please send me at once full details of your money-making proposition by which I can make $15 a day in cash. This does not obligate me in any way.

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

game, with St. Louis at bat, Harry Howell, the Browns' pitcher, came up. Home-run roles, of course, are unusual for pitchers to play, especially in "tight" games. But Howell saw one to his liking, swung hard, and connected. The ball went on a line, straight for the left-field fence, and, without deviating an inch from its course disappeared through the little opening. I saw it disappear, and when Howell reached second and stopped I waved him home.

And then the inevitable argument! Immediately the Detroit players rushed at me. Jennings, of course, as manager, was chief spokesman.

"Home run! Are you crazy, Bill? Don't the ground rules say that any ball hit into the crowd goes for two bases?"

"Sure, what about it?"

"Well, how do you get a home run out of it?"

"Come on now, Hughie, you saw that ball. Didn't it go through the hole in the fence?"

"Yes, Bill, it did. But it's still a two-base hit."

"Well, if it went through the hole in the fence, then it was hit out of the playing field, and, as it didn't go into the crowd, it's a home run. The ball went out of the lot, Hughie."

At this point many of the fans, seeing the Detroit team clustered around me in argument, began to jeer at Jennings and his players. Pop bottles began to fall on the diamond, but we paid little attention to them. It was nothing new.

THEN Jennings started on a new tack. The gate in the opening, Hughie contended, should have been closed. If it had been closed the ball wouldn't have left the park, wouldn't have been a home run. I didn't dispute.

"All right, Hughie, it should have been closed. But it wasn't and the ball went through it and it's a home run. It's a tough break for you, but it has to stand that way."

"You win, Bill. But you don't blame me for trying to make a two-base hit out of it, do you?"

"Of course not, Hughie; you're trying to win."

Then Jennings, for the first time, seemed to realize we were in danger. He glanced around. "We'd better get out of this, Bill, before somebody gets killed."

And then——

"Look out, Bill!" he cried.

I, too, saw it coming, coming straight at me—but too late. Crash! There was a terrible cracking sound in my ears as the bottle struck, a few inches away from my temple. A sudden, darting pain and the world seemed to drift away from me. And then—oblivion. The bottle, I learned later, smashed, and Jennings was

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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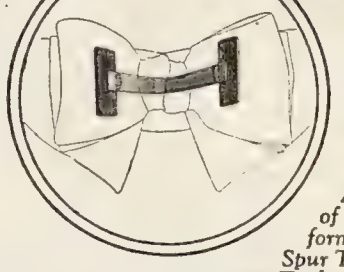


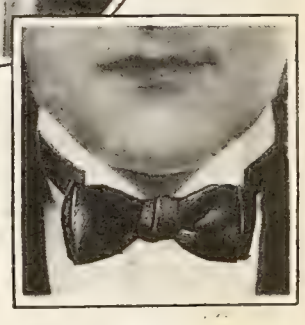
This is the Square End style of Spur Tie. Other styles are shown in the pictures below.

Above is a diagram of the H-shaped Innerform, the secret of the Spur Tie. The H-shaped Innerform makes the Spur Tie keep the shape you give it, without a roll, curl or wrinkle.

At the right is the French-Pointed End style of Spur Tie. It comes in many smart silken patterns.

At the left is the Butterfly Bow style of Spur Tie. Be sure that the butterfly bow you buy is a Spur.

The Spur Dress Tie, black or white, with the silk band, is also made in square, pointed or butterfly styles.



Neither wind, work nor women rumple this smart tie!

YOU know the habit women have of mussing up men's ties. When wife, mother, or sweetheart—or all of them—like to twitch the ends of your bow tie to make it look more "artistic," let them. The Spur Tie is already tied. It has in it the patented H-shaped Innerform that makes it keep the shape you give it. Not even raging wind, frenzied work, or inquisitive feminine fingers can disturb its calm serenity. It looks more like a hand-tied tie than a hand-tied tie. Look for Spur Ties displayed on the counters of smart shops for men. You'll know them by the red Spur label you see and the H-shaped Innerform you feel. Write for Style Booklet.

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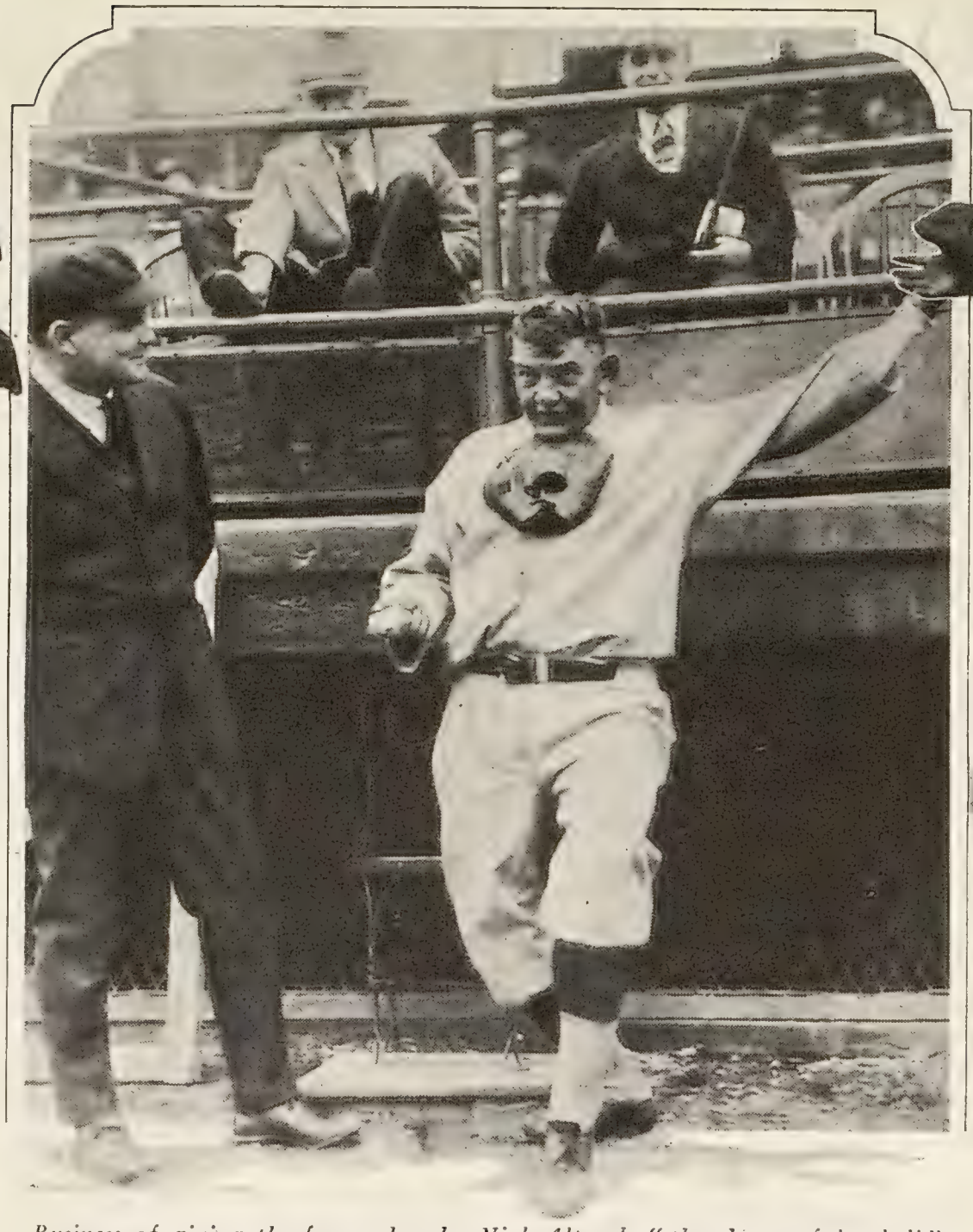
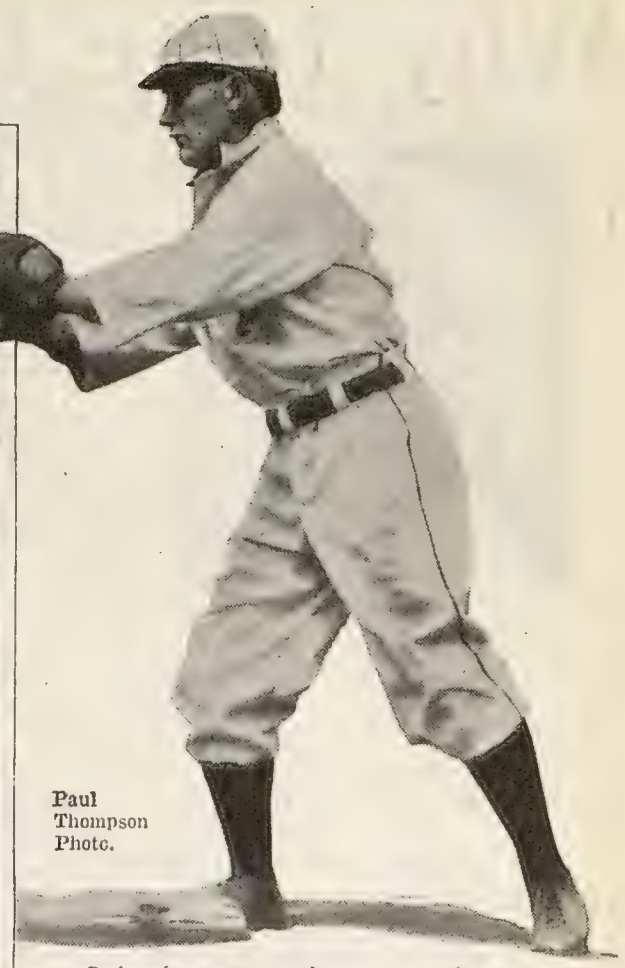
Paul Thompson Photo.

Monte Cross, Philadelphia shortstop and engineer of the play that resulted in Evans' run-in with his former mentor, Hughie Jennings.



Business of giving the fans a laugh—Nick Altrock, "the clown of baseball," treating Evans to some instruction in the art of umpiring.



Paul Thompson Photo.

Schaefer, one of Detroit's stars at the time Evans broke into big league baseball.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-FOUR]

cut badly by the flying glass. Jennings and other players carried me off the field. They tell me that just as they were leaving the diamond I opened my eyes for a second and murmured:

"Oh, boy! Didn't that guy have control!"

And then I lost consciousness again—to wake, many hours later, in Mullanphy Hospital with a badly fractured skull.

The bottle, of course, had not been aimed at me, but at the protesting Detroit players. The St. Louis fans had found no fault with my decision. Why should they? It was certainly in their favor. What they objected to was the Detroit team's argument. So I was the victim of an unthinking person's foolish act. Immediately afterward the St. Louis club forbade the sale of pop inside the grounds. So, in my way, I'm something of a reformer.

I came near being avenged right then and there. The fairer minded fans threatened the life of the unfortunate culprit who had hit me. It was necessary to send in a riot call to get him safely out of the park.

Yes, I learned who it was that threw the bottle. A few days after my accident I was lying in the hospital, my aching head in an ice pack, when one of the Sisters came to my bedside to inquire how I was. It was my first rational moment since entering the hospital.

The Sister told me some of the flowers in my room had been sent by a family that called to inquire about me every day. It was the family of the boy who had thrown the bottle, and the boy wanted so badly to see me. But I was in no condition to see anyone.

"Tell them that the case is not in my hands. It is in the hands of Mr. Johnson and the American League," I said.

But each day a beautiful bunch of flowers would come, brought by the boy who had thrown the bottle. And each day he pleaded—so the nurses told me—to be allowed to see me so he might ask my forgiveness. Finally I said, "Let him come in, then."

So they brought him to me. He came over to my bed and fell to his knees and sobbed his heart out. I was moved to tears myself.

"Nothing but a kid," I thought. "Just an unthinking boy, and now a mighty sorry boy."

He told me how terribly sorry he was. Would I get well? Could I ever forgive him for the terrible thing he had done? I told him that as far as I was concerned the incident was forgotten. I would hold nothing against him. And so he left.

But that was not all. Still the flowers came, and then, one day, the family's lawyer, prepared to agree on a cash "settlement."

"I DON'T want any money," I told him. "You can't pay me for my weeks in the hospital, and money can't compensate me for the fact that I was almost killed."

"But the prosecution—the disgrace! Why let this thing be a stigma on the boy's name for the rest of his life?"

"The man who is at the head of the American League, which pays me for my work, is B. B. Johnson," I answered. "I know he'll want to prosecute this case, for I know how he feels in the matter of protecting and standing up for his umpires. But, for the sake of the boy, I'll intercede with him, and if he's willing to call it off, I am."

And that's what happened. Mr. Johnson didn't like it one bit, but there was no prosecution. The boy got no punishment, the family suffered no disgrace, and no one was the loser but I.

I umpired the city series in St. Louis that fall, and the wonderful ovation I received from the fans on that, the first occasion they had seen me since the accident, was almost enough to make me forget the painful scenes that had attended my last visit there.

You will remember, perhaps, the World's Series in 1912 between the New York Giants and the Boston Red Sox—the series marked by Christy Mathewson's pitching his heart out and Snodgrass' fatal muff of a fly.

Well, just before the end of the regular season that year I was in New York, and Sister Josephine, who had nursed me in St. Louis, had been transferred to the Dorchester Infant Asylum in Boston. One day I received a note in which she said she had three brothers who wanted tickets for the World's Series. They wanted to go so badly and it seemed so difficult to get tickets. Perhaps I could do something. If I could she would be grateful, and she inclosed five dollars to cover the expense. She wanted to surprise her brothers.

But five dollars to buy three seats at the World's Series games in Boston! When one choice seat cost six dollars!

I told my story to Mr. Johnson and explained that I would move heaven and earth in order to get those tickets.

"Wait," he told me. "I haven't any tickets myself right now, but you'll get them. You'll get three seats, and not at one game, but at every game that's played in Boston."

Ban got them, too. So I tucked them in an envelope and wrote to Sister Josephine, inclosing the five-dollar bill. It was more than enough, I told her, to defray the cost of the tickets, but through the courtesy of Mr. Johnson I had been able to get them for nothing and they were, therefore, Ban Johnson's present to her brothers.

My, how pleased she was! Her letter in reply was literally overflowing with thanks.

But later I got another letter, and this one rebuked me soundly. I had fibbed to her.

"You told me," she wrote, "my five dollars was enough to pay for the tickets. And when my brothers came here I told them it was all due to you and Mr. Johnson."

But her brothers, apparently, were much more worldly wise. What had Sister Joseph-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Why have December hair —*gray hair*

—When Brownatone, the safe vegetable preparation, will quickly tint gray hair its original charming color—

THE golden glint of sunlight—the warm brown of the chestnut burr—the deep, dark black of a stormy night—

These are the things in a woman's hair that create comment and admiration; that cause other women to look with envy—and men with delight.

And this is the hair beauty that *Brownatone* can restore to your gray, faded or bleached hair by its harmless tinting qualities. A single application is sufficient. Only new hair growing out demands further attention, because *Brownatone* permeates each individual hair, thus assuring permanent color that does not fade or wash out. So easy to use that you can apply it yourself at home. Shades from lightest blonde to deepest brunette. Two sizes, 50c and $1.50.

Send 10c to cover posting and packing charges of a trial bottle, to test the merits of Brownatone.

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Drug and department stores everywhere endorse Brownatone, as do countless women who have used it.

We recommend Na Tone Lemonated Shampoo for washing the hair. At dealers or direct, 50c.

Some of C. W. Mumaw's Liberty Boys at Warsaw, Indiana.

BOYS!

Earn Your Own Spending Money!

Work during vacation time or all year 'round. Steady weekly income now made by thousands of boys selling Liberty Magazine—and they get wonderful prizes, free! You can, too. It's easy. No money needed. Work right in your own neighborhood. No interference with play. Don't wait. Send coupon. We'll send all details FREE.

Mail This Coupon!

Liberty, Boy Sales Division, Tribune Square, Chicago, Illinois.

Please tell me how I can join your organization of Boy Salesmen and make money.

Name .....

Address.....City.....State.....

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

ine done? Had she written and asked for the tickets? Hadn't she offered to pay? Didn't she realize how much they cost?

"And," her letter went on, "I said, 'Of course I offered to pay. I sent Mr. Evans five dollars.'

"At that they laughed at me something scandalous. What an ignorant person I was! Didn't I realize that those tickets cost more than fifty dollars!

"I'll never forgive you for that fib. But I do thank you truly, and my brothers are ever so grateful."

My answer was to heap coals of fire on her head. Due to a tie, an extra game had to be played, and as it was played at Boston Mr. Johnson saw to it that the same seats were again reserved for Sister Josephine's brothers.

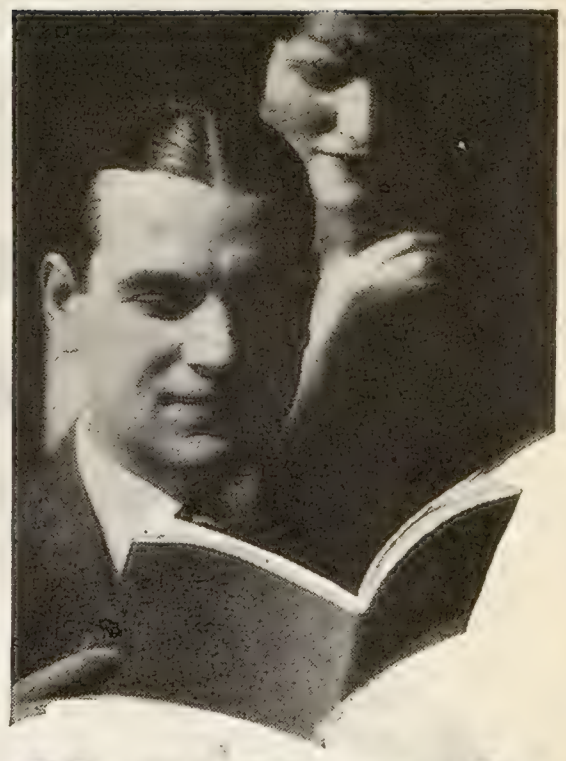
AN umpire's job at best is a colorless one. Ball players can shine in the field, at bat, and on the base paths. But the umpire. Who gives a hang about the umpire?

And yet I like the job immensely. I'm proud to feel that I am a part of our great national game. And I, too—I say it not boastfully—can feel a little pride in my own record, my own "averages," in other words. Besides, as Jack Sheridan told me and as Tim Hurst has jokingly remarked, "You can't beat the hours."

No, you can't beat the hours—three to five—although my own hours off the ball field are not leisure hours, but are spent in pounding the old typewriter, turning out sport copy for newspapers.

Perhaps an experience as lengthy as mine entitles a man to some opinion. Perhaps you will agree that, although I don't play baseball, my constant contact with it and with the players gives me an opportunity, even greater than the active player's, to judge baseball ability. I want to make this clear, because later on I am going to name my all-time, all-star baseball team. And then I am going to give my own conception of the ideal baseball player. It may be argued that my job in the American League prevents my seeing many National Leaguers in action. But at various times I have seen them all, both in and out of World's Series. And this, combined with the figures in the old record books, ought to qualify me in some respect as a competent judge.

As the name indicates, the rabid baseball fan is in reality a fanatic, and when he thinks the home team has been wronged his wrath knows no bounds, as Mr. Evans will illustrate in the fourth chapter, to appear next week. In this installment Mr. Evans will describe his plight when he became the victim of the fury of a Cleveland mob of baseball partisans.



How Easy It is to Get Your First $10,000

What a difference between buying bonds and saving money? Accumulating $10,000, if you go about it scientifically, is only half as hard as saving $10,000. It takes only half as long. Money invested in Forman Bonds actually doubles itself in a little more than ten years. That is the amazing power of 6½% compounded semi-annually.

It should not take you more than a few years to get your first $10,000. Then substantial wealth is definitely within your grasp. The second, third and fourth $10,000 are still easier. In this way a legion of Forman investors, still under age fifty, have built up comfortable fortunes from surprisingly small beginnings—and in forty years no Forman investor has ever lost a dollar of either principal or interest.

Be a bond owner. But don't make the fatal mistake of waiting for large lump sums. For those who wish to buy bonds out of income we have prepared a new book on "The Science of Fortune Building." You will find the steps to $10,000—or $100,000—clearly charted. Whatever your income, make this book your financial guide. It will put the matter of accumulating money on a sure and definite basis. A copy will be mailed without cost or obligation. Simply send the coupon.

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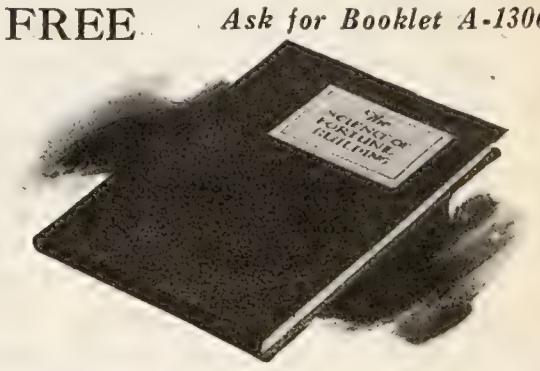

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Stylish Paris Creation

Serves Double Need

By

MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

A HIGH, close-fitting hat of felt and satin, with bow ornament.

HAT of satin and fancy straw in the fashionable lead-pencil blue shade.

AT the left is an evening dress from Paris of silver brocade with scarf and insets of fiery red crepe georgette. The other is of crepe de Chine in printed red and black futuristic pattern, and has a detachable mantle of black crepe de Chine with red and white buttons.

VERY small black hat by Reboux with soft, silken flower on the side.

A SIDE view of the hat at the left. The materials are straw or satin.

BECOMING, isn't it? The littlest contribution to the page is the one to which I refer, which resembles nothing more than a bathing cap with a decoration hovering on the side, almost as big as the hat is and softly caressing the face. It is a Parisian creation, of course, from the house of Reboux. If we Americans ever had anything to be obliged for to the French, it wasn't so much Lafayette and all that he did for us as it was this haircut they put us next to and these little hats.

The reason they are both especially good for us (I hope I am not too appreciative of our better points in saying this) is because our heads are often beautifully modeled at the neckline. This cap follows closely and prettily that delicate path at the base of the head, back of the ears. We ought to be careful to get these little things to fit trimly.

I watched Mary Young, who plays the part of the Dancing Mother in the play by that name, through the delicate operation of having a pie-cut-shaped piece taken out of the edge of this one, in the back, two hours after it was carried off the boat. The flower on the side is a many petaled, silken thing, in pink and white, with a yellow center, which you would not find listed in the botanies, and its surrounding leaves range through all the greens from those tinged with gray to those that have yellowed.

A very sophisticated move, when possible, is to have this flower so large and colorful as to make your face seem petite and mignon and unobtrusive. And, above all, follow the neckline in the back.

The two others are by Camille Roger, in Paris, and come to us with the succinct generalization: "Turbans higher; cloches wider." As for that small, snappy looking affair accompanying the costume, it is of the same printed crepe as the underdress. The lady wears her hatband not the way we used to out in our town, circling the crown where it joins the brim, but mounting up around it in an effect a little like the equator, and I must say I like the idea very much, particularly for those of us who have large heads in spite of our bobbed hair. It bisects them.

The dress, however, is of deeper interest, and what a wonder it is, not only of style but also of economy. For, you see, it is really two dresses, because the top part is detachable.

They call that outer garment a wrap, but it wouldn't get us far into an American winter.

At the same time it would facilitate and make less sensational our walk up Fifth Avenue some summer day when we have come in from the country in the modest little dress underneath, of screaming red and black futuristic pattern and suitable for bridge, tea, and other practical indoor wear. In the winter the two garments can go as one dress, with a fur wrap over them, and look very smart, indeed.

Although a strong movement would appear to be on the way for making oxfords popular, pumps are still worn, and always with the ankles in bracelets of leather, which are the straps of former days, fastened now only at the top of the seam in the back.

From the two dresses presented, as well as from other sources, I should gather that the queer germ was not wholly exterminated which some three years ago attacked sleeves, and they would appear to be swelling out again into strange shapes, with a few even showing growths on them. The evening dress has helped itself to the scarf motif and adapted it into sleeves, so called. See how high the skirt decoration is creeping up on us. The waistline is already far above the knees, and the next thing we know it will be at the waist itself, unless we hold our own. All of the world is divided between those who wish it high and those who hold out to have it low.

Anita Stewart, celebrated Goldwyn screen star

Light as a summer breeze—
Smart as a Paris gown—
the DAISY BAG!

NO matter when or whither the trip—by motor, train or steamer—women who know how to travel no longer bother with heavy hand luggage.

They can pack all their traveling necessities—extra hats, dresses, underthings, slippers and toilet articles—in the handy, light weight DAISY BAG. It is rainproof and dustproof.

DeLuxe Model, with patented hookless fastener, sells from $5.00 to $6.00, and Button Model from $3.50 to $4.25 at leading department stores, luggage and specialty shops.

The DAISY PRODUCTS, Inc.
366 Fifth Avenue, New York

The DAISY HAT BAG

"They made me slender . . . why don't you try them?"

"I had just about given up hope of ever being slender again, Margery. You know I can't stand exercises or diets. And I love rich foods! But when I read about Marmola Tablets, I . . ."

"Did you use them, Katherine? Tell me about them."

"They're wonderful! I used them a short while and my weight disappeared. See how slender they made me!"

* * *

Many people are surprised at how easily and quickly Marmola Tablets reduce weight. Yet, for nearly twenty years, hundreds of thousands of men and women each year have regained slender figures by using these tablets. Last year alone, users purchased more than a million boxes!

Surely you would rather use Marmola Tablets and regain your slender figure than try some unknown and perhaps harmful method of reducing!

Get some Marmola Tablets at any druggist's (one dollar a box) and try the pleasant way to reduce. Or if you prefer, a box will be sent to you in plain wrappers, postpaid, by the Marmola Co., 1969 General Motors Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

MARMOLA
PRESCRIPTION TABLETS
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

Measuring Your Mind

Fourth of a Series of Easy Tests to Help You Estimate Your Brain Power

The mental test this week aims at your ability to place quotations. Below we have listed fifteen familiar phrases or quotations. After each quotation you will find several possible sources. Only one of these sources is correct. See if you can underline the right one. When you have finished this quiz look on page 51 for the answers and instructions for grading.

Quotations always remind us of the old lady who said she didn't like Shakespeare's plays. When asked why, she answered, "Oh, he uses so many quotations." You'll discover two or three of them in this quiz.

ALLOW YOURSELF FIVE MINUTES TO TAKE THIS TEST:

1. "To be or not to be" is quoted from Abie's Irish Rose, Alice in Wonderland, Hamlet, Pilgrim's Progress.

2. "The bombs bursting in air" occurs in Thanatopsis, My Country 'Tis of Thee, Yes We Have No Bananas, The Star-Spangled Banner.

3. "Weep no more my lady" is a line from 'Way Down Upon the Swanee River, Silver Threads Among the Gold, The Old Oaken Bucket, My Old Kentucky Home.

4. "Of the people, by the people, and for the people" was said by Mark Twain, Oscar Wilde, Abraham Lincoln, Cicero.

5. "We'll tak' a cup of kindness yet" is a line from Put On Your Old Gray Bonnet, The Rosary, Over There, Auld Lang Syne.

6. "Don't shoot till you see the whites of their eyes" was a command at the Battle of Concord, the Battle of Bunker Hill, the Battle of Jutland, the Battle of Bull Run.

7. "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet" is a quotation from Vanity Fair, Mother Goose, The Last Days of Pompeii, Romeo and Juliet.

8. "This is the forest primeval" is a line written by Ring Lardner, Marcus Aurelius, Longfellow, Dryden.

9. "All Gaul is divided into three parts" is quoted from Pershing, Napoleon, Will Rogers, Cæsar.

10. "Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting" occurs in a poem by Alexander Pope, Wordsworth, Amy Lowell, Edgar Guest.

11. "The proof of the pudding is in the eating" is quoted from Don Quixote, Love's Labor Lost, Oliver Twist, Paradise Lost.

12. "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may" was written by Herrick, Kathleen Norris, Heywood Broun, Tennyson.

13. "Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag" is a line from the song, Tramp, Tramp, Tramp; Good-by Broadway, Hello France; Smile, Smile, Smile; The Lorelei.

14. "Oh, Wind, if Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?" is quoted from Keats, Shelley, Kipling, Rossetti.

15. "Give me liberty or give me death" was said by Daniel Boone, Patrick Henry, Anatole France, George Bernard Shaw.

$500 *for* Limericks

Here are this week's winners who share in the $500 prizes for completing the Limerick printed in our issue of May 23. The Limerick read as follows:

Ronaldo, a dapper young swain,
Went courting one night in the rain,
As he spoke of his love
A cloud burst above

Last lines which the prize winners wrote were:

FIRST PRIZE—$250

Thanks to fate did our rain-beau win Jane.

Written by ESTHER H. NEWTON, 1131 Minnesota Ave., Portland, Ore.

SECOND PRIZE—$100

And extinguished his burning love's flame.

Written by WILLIAM H. MEYER, 476 Main St., Fort Lee, N. J.

THIRD PRIZE—$75

'Twas the first of the "showers" for Jane.

Written by FLORENCE BILTMORE, 229 West Forty-sixth St., New York City.

FOURTH PRIZE—$50

And dampened the love of the twain.

Written by KATHLEEN M. ROGERS, School St., Chatham, Mass.

FIFTH PRIZE—$25

As the swain, in the rain, talked in vain.

Written by W. A. LEMAUX, 112 South Paddock St., Pontiac, Mich.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

This Weekly will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright sayings of a child. Address the "Bright Sayings Editor," Liberty Tribune Square, Chicago.

How Did He Do It?

Little Dorothy's father was seated in his easy chair, reading the Sunday paper. Dorothy slipped up behind him and began combing his hair. Presently she said, "Daddy, your neck is dirty."

"Oh, I guess not," was his reply.

"'Tis, too!" Dorothy cried, indignantly. "You just come back here and see."—T. B. R., Rockford, Wash.

* * *

She Got the Skates

My little sister Betty was promised a pair of ball-bearing roller skates if she would win the first seat in the first row, which was given to pupils with the highest marks. Shortly after this promise was made to Betty, she came home in great excitement, exclaiming that she had won the first seat.

"How," asked her father, "did you get the first seat in only one week, after having the last seat for such a long time?"

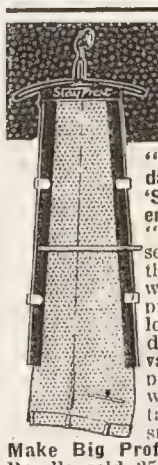
"Well," said Betty, "I told the teacher I couldn't see the blackboard."—E. F., Baltimore, Md.

For
Vacation
and All-around
Summer Use
an
Ingersoll

AN Ingersoll costs little and keeps dependable time. Why risk your expensive watch?

$1.75 to $11.00

$123 the First WEEK



"I worked 6 days, 6 hours a day, and made $123 selling 'Stay-Prest' Trouser Pressers." J. W. Varner, Iowa. "Stay-Prest" Trouser Presser sells quickly to every man—thousands in use. Men and women are cleaning up big profits. Sells on sight. Priced low. Big commission. You take orders. We deliver. Your profit in advance. **Wonderful New Invention.** Puts perfect creases in trousers. Takes out wrinkles, baggy knees. Easy to use—takes less than 30 seconds. Folds into small size.

Make Big Profits. Jack Ames made $24 in 4 hours. Randle sold 25 the first day. Mary Roberts made $10 in one evening. Write quick for FREE selling outfit and full details of money-making plan. THE GET-GEY-JUNG CO., H-122 G&J Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

$15 a DAY JUST SELLING SHIRTS

No experience necessary. Make $15 to $20 a day selling Fashion Wear Shirts. Finest materials, expertly designed. Bargain prices. All want our special "3 shirts for $4.95 offer" which gives big profit.

FREE SAMPLES So positive are we that you will be amazed at the wonderful quality of these shirts that we will send you free samples if you will simply send name and address. Write now and make $10 first day you have samples.

FASHION WEAR SHIRT COMPANY
Dept. 726, 1200 Jackson St., Cincinnati, Ohio

$10 A DAY EASY

McDonald made $58 in one week! Hampton made $7.65 in 4 hours—just wearing this beautiful Hand-Tailored to Measure Taylor Rain-proof Cap.

FREE CAP FOR YOU. I want to give you a FREE cap. Your friends will be delighted. You make a generous profit taking their orders. Finest materials and workmanship. Write for details. J. W. Taylor, Pres. Taylor Cap Manufacturers, Dept. 45-G, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Safe Milk and Diet
For INFANTS, Children, Invalids, Nursing Mothers, etc.
Avoid Imitations

Home Sewing Brings Nice Clothes Within Reach *of* All

By PATRICIA

TO FOLLOW the mode is delightful when it can be done so easily and economically as in the styles pictured on this page. Beautiful silks and attractive cotton materials are to be had in all the shops at very little cost and can be made into adorable frocks expressing the smartest lines.

The diagram accompanying each illustration shows the material practically as it appears when cut out. Every detail is explained, so that, even if you do not sew, you should be able to make, without any difficulty, an attractive dress. And for the experienced sewer it would be a pleasant diversion. The woman who realizes that clothes are the symbols of her personality will surely choose two or three of these delightful styles for her summer wardrobe.

Prettily designed, achieving graceful lines by the plaited side sections, is a frock of "ciel bleu" flat crepe. Pattern No. 2035 is particularly interesting because it requires little trimming. Made of Lanvin green or tan linen, which is an ideal fabric for summer, this would be lovely for sports wear. Comes in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. In the 36-inch size, 3 yards of 36-inch material are required.

An exceedingly smart frock, combining forsythia yellow printed silk crepe with light brown, is shown in pattern No. 2121. Figured voile or handkerchief linen in pastel tints would be delightful for warm weather wear. Comes in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. In the 36-inch size, 3 yards of 36-inch material, with 4¼ yards of binding, are required.

Order Blank for Patricia Patterns

PATRICIA PATTERNS
P. O. Box 339, City Hall Station, New York City

Inclosed find ..... cents. Please send me the Patricia Patterns listed below:

Pattern number Size Price

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NAME .....

STREET .....

CITY.....STATE.....

HOW TO ORDER PATRICIA PATTERNS

Write your name and address plainly on dotted lines, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Inclose 10 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Patricia Patterns, P. O. Box 339, City Hall Station, New York City.

NOTE—Patricia patterns are made in New York exclusively for this publication. They are perfect in fit, up to date in style, and the easiest of all patterns to use.

There is a tendency this season to wear ultra simple frocks for luncheon and every day wear, and pattern No. 2253 exploits a style of exceptional chic. The extensions at left side seam form the double cascade drapery. Printed silk, georgette crepe, or voile would be charming for this design, which comes in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. In the 36-inch size 3 yards of 36-inch material are required.

Discriminating mothers are making adorable little dresses, not by ones and twos, but by the half dozen. With pattern No. 2434 a number of attractive dresses could be made—by using linen in bright colors, rainbow dotted cotton tulle, crepe de Chine trimmed with lace, ribbon, or tiny rosebuds, or chambray bound in contrasting color. Pattern comes in sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. In the 8-year size 1⅞ yards of 36-inch material are required.

Adapted for street and sports wear, this frock combines blue and white plaid tub silk, with a rever collar and front facing trim of plain blue silk and a jaunty blue suede belt. Pattern No. 2120 comes in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. It would be stunning in white kasha, nasturtium red flat crepe, or striped cotton satin finished broadcloth. In the 36-inch size 3⅛ yards of 36-inch material are required.

PANTS

A Short Story of a Correctly Romantic Young Man Who Gets Slapped in the Face

By

WALLACE SMITH

Pictures by WALLACE MORGAN

WHEN Æneas Hutton was drowning, he remembered the legend that drowning persons always review in minute detail their personal histories. So young Hutton, with the dead-gray waves of the Sound making soothing promises of rest and warmth to his numb, weary body, attempted to do the proper thing. He was that way. If there had been a straw handy, he would have grasped at it.

His arms were heavy, and his lungs felt as if a monster hand were tightening a strap across his chest.

No use to swim, anyway. In the blank mist that hung over the Sound, he could not discover his direction. He probably had been swimming in a circle, the way people walk when they are lost in the woods. He was tired.

"Mustn't go to sleep," murmured Æneas. "Oh, this is a mess! Damn Alicia, anyway!"

Æneas had called at the Graves home the night before to take Alicia to the country club dance. She was late. He promised himself that he would correct this little failing after they were married. Æneas Hutton was that way, too.

She came fluttering into the room, in a gown of lapis lazuli and silver that made new revelations of her blonde beauty. She excused herself with an enthusiastic description of the darlingest studio dinner. She topped that with the gay announcement that she had arranged for him to go with a jolly party next day to visit an artist's studio. Quite a famous artist. Won prizes in Paris and all that.

Æneas' thoughts went scurrying into the trenches of a hitherto prepared position. It was an old battle between them, this interest of Alicia in the Bohemian set. Alicia simply wouldn't realize that, as the fiancee of a responsible young business man, she could not afford to run in the pack of Bohemians.

They called themselves "the arty crowd" and the "intelligentsia," made loud business of their contempt for conventions, and spoke patronizingly of Leonardo da Vinci. Sometimes they painted—

delirious things—and wrote poetry mentioning desire. They also discussed things frankly.

One of them had written a poem in which he claimed that the rain reminded him of a gray leopard stalking over the housetops. That was Boris Merling. Æneas fairly hated Merling, who spoke in poetry to Alicia.

Alicia had taken Æneas to one of their parties. The battle lines were formed then.

Now he decided that the time had come to express his mastery. He assumed a superior air. Alicia made the next move. Her open use of cigarettes was another of their quarrels. She lighted a cigarette. Very firmly he walked to where she stood and took the cigarette from her lips.

Alicia's forehand drive in tennis was as neat and strong as a man's. She struck. A smacking slap on the cheek. Æneas stepped back, dumfounded.

"Oh, Æneas, I'm sorry!" cried Alicia.

He sought to recover the superior attitude.

"No, I'm not, either! I'm darned glad. It's just what you deserve. Why don't you do something? Why don't you slap me back?"

It was obvious that something had gone wrong with the masculine, masterly method.

"Of course, you wouldn't!" her voice despaired. "Somebody's told you that men don't strike women."

"You are hysterical," said Æneas, with dignity.

"Oh, you get on my nerves!" she exclaimed. "What you need is a good shaking up. It doesn't really stir you when you're slapped by the girl you expect to marry. You're just shocked because it wasn't conventional. Why don't you rear up on your hind legs and tell me to go to hell?"

"Alicia, please——"

"You're too blamed proper, that's the trouble!"

"What have I done, Alicia?"

"It's what you haven't done. I'd be happy if you'd only do something—something rash and impulsive. It would even help if I'd see you going down the street some day with your trousers unpressed. I'll bet you're too almighty

"Is it a man?" Æneas could feel his ears growing red. "Well, those heliotrope kilts are deceiving," said Alicia.

proper even to have had that familiar dream of being without pants in a crowd."

"You wouldn't talk that way," he said, sternly, "if it wasn't for those damned Bohemians."

"What was that?"

"I beg your pardon," he spoke quickly.

"There you go, being proper again," she sighed. "Why couldn't you have let that 'damned' stand? It's no use, Æneas. You've been spoiled. You've been too successful too young in business. You've never learned that to make good you've got to have something besides the tag-lines to Æsop's fables and quotations from the copy book. Heavens, do you realize that you're living like one of these interviews with successful men?"

"You are trying to be funny," Æneas charged.

"Let me tell you something that isn't at all funny," she rejoined. "Do you know that one thing makes me dread our wedding?"

His alarm was gratifying.

"I've been convinced," she declared, "that you'll want me to keep a book of household accounts."

Of course, this was exactly what he had planned. He had the theory that a home should be conducted like an office.

"Love on a budget!" she said. "Oh, Æneas!"

It ended, at last, with her refusal to go to the dance. He'd see Alicia tomorrow, when she was herself.

He'd show her. He'd go to the club dance without her. When she heard that he had been the life of the affair, dancing with gay abandon and with light quips on his lips, she'd be sorry.

THERE were other things to do at the country club. Even in his tippling Æneas had method and a definite limit. This night he attained that limit quickly and deliberately went beyond it. He found himself on the club veranda, gloomily contemplating the fog veiling the Sound. Another young member of the club discovered him there some time later.

"In tune with the infinite," declaimed Æneas, waving an arm grandly over the Sound.

"That's some tune," grinned the other, who saw how it was with Æneas. "Let's toddle home, old-timer."

Æneas could not place the fellow. That eighth drink had been enough to impair the memory of an avenging angel. Hazily he accepted an invitation to go to the other's home.

"It'll be a great treat for the wife," said the man. "She holds you up to me as a model young business man. She says business men shouldn't drink."

Æneas awakened in a strange bed early the next morning, which was gray and forbidding. He could not recall his host's name nor his whereabouts. He did not even know how he had achieved bed.

A steady lapping of water helped him get his bearings. He was in one of those chummy little country houses on the Sound, most likely. With a pier and a diving platform, no doubt. There was an idea! A plunge in the cold water before the unidentified family was up and he'd be fit as a fiddle before breakfast.

THERE was a bathrobe flung across a chair. And a pair of startlingly green swimming trunks. The far end of the pier was obscured in mist. Æneas shivered as he dropped the bathrobe.

He sprang in a far arc and cut the water cleanly. He churned mightily ahead with his head immersed. Gasping, he flung himself over on his back and turned for the pier again. It had disappeared.

He listened for the sound of the waves to guide him. Twice he started toward auspicious, mistaken sounds. The chopping of the waves was confusing.

"Lost!" exclaimed Æneas, and felt an impulse to shout.

He began to swim as the cold reached for his body again. He swam until he grew warm and then floated until the chilly water began to numb him once more. After a long time he was exhausted. His body wasn't cold any more. He actually had an illusion of warmth. The monotony of chopping waves was like a long caress——

It was at this point that Æneas remembered about drowning persons reviewing their lives.

A last frenzy of strength surged through him. With a forlorn, sobbing effort he dragged his heavy arms into motion and fought to use his legs——

The lapping of water made a soft lullaby. There was a grateful warmth all through his body. Æneas opened his eyes with an effort.

He was looking into the face of a young woman, a little out of focus at first. His vision began to clear. Not only was she young but rather handsome, with live, black eyes and a humorous mouth.

"Now don't pull that old line," she was saying, "about believing that you are waking up in Heaven."

"It can't be Heaven," murmured Æneas.

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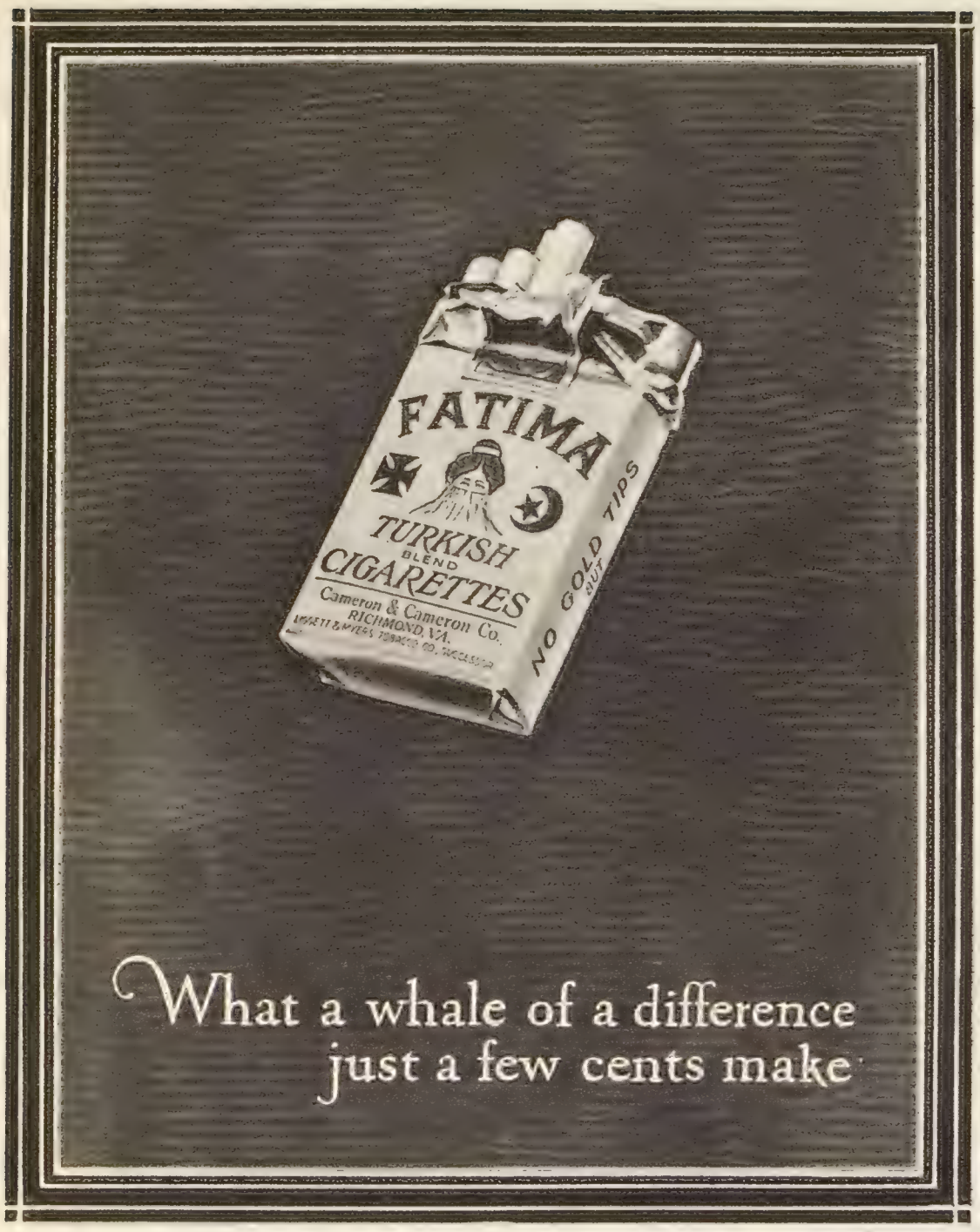


HARMLESS LAXATIVE
All Children Love Its
Pleasant Taste

Mother!

Hurry! Give Constipated Child "California Fig Syrup"

Even a fretful, feverish, bilious or constipated child loves the pleasant taste of "California Fig Syrup." This gentle, harmless laxative never fails to sweeten the stomach and open the bowels. A teaspoonful today may prevent a sick child tomorrow. It doesn't cramp or overact. Contains no narcotics or soothing drugs.

Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-ONE]

"I'm sure angels don't smell so nice."

With which he relapsed into the delightful half-consciousness from which he had dragged himself. He was lying on a soft couch and he was covered by a miraculously soft, white blanket.

"Your next question should be, 'Where am I?'" she said. "Don't bother to ask it. Take a healthy swig of this and I'll answer anyway."

"You are in my cabin on the island," she went on. "My name is Roberta. Pretty, isn't it? You may thank an uncommonly morbid mood that took me out on the Sound at an uncivilized hour in my asthmatic motor boat. I heard you shouting and found you swimming, pretty much all in, and headed for Alaska."

Over the toddy Æneas feebly tried a smile of gratitude. He achieved the fatuous simper of a kitten lapping milk.

"I am very grateful," he said.

"Don't mention it."

"My name——"

"Please don't mention that, either," she interrupted. "At heart, I'm a sentimentalist and romantic. I'd rather not know if I've rescued a longshoreman or a professor of Greek."

"Oh, I say——" began Æneas.

"Don't be worried, whoever you are," Roberta said. "When I say I'm romantic, it doesn't mean you'll have to marry me."

"I didn't mean that," protested Æneas. "I meant—well——"

There was a glow in his cheeks. They had been quite pale. Æneas was thinking of those green trunks.

"That toddy's done you a world of good," smiled Roberta. "Nature's own remedy, what?"

She turned to the fireplace, where a copper kettle winked back at the flames and whistled a cheerful tune.

"Of course, if you're a stevedore," Roberta said, cheerily, "it's all right. But if you're a respectable citizen, I'm afraid you're horribly compromised. You see, I live here all alone."

II.

ÆNEAS examined the cabin's single room. There was a tall screen in one corner. The fire made deep shadows in the corners of the room. Half in these shadows stood a heavy table, on which rested the whisky.

This cabin, also, was near the water's edge. Æneas shivered.

"I can fancy what Mr. Milligan would say about this," she chuckled.

"Is your name Milligan?" asked Æneas, quickly. "I mean, are you—that is, is Mr. Milligan your husband?"

"Mr. Milligan would love that," she laughed. "Mr. Milligan, alas, is only the man who brings me milk. He believes I am immoral! Mr. Milligan's heard all about artists."

"Are you an artist?"

"From the way you ask that," said Roberta, mournfully, "I know that you're a respectable citizen. Bang goes my romance! Yes, I'm an artist; about as good as women ever get in that line."

"Are you a Bohemian?"

"I told you that I actually painted," replied Roberta. She went on brightly: "But I know how it's done—the Bohemian business. Always the perfect hostess, you know. Look! A night in the Latin quarter, by Murger."

She burst into the irrepressible "Marietta" song and performed an incredulously spirited and graceful can-can.

A knock at the little door halted her dance.

"Good Lord!" she cried. "It's Milligan!"

She went to the door and opened it.

"Come in out of the rain," she invited. "You're late this morning, Mr. Milligan."

"It's the blessed Sabbath, which some folks do be forgetting," he croaked accusation. "I've been across the Sound to church."

RAIN dripped from his yellow oilskins, which hung in expressive, gaunt folds. He had a long, pointed nose and eyes that would have looked with delight on a bonfire built by the Jury of Innocents. The eyes took in the whisky bottle.

"Been havin' one of them orgies, ain't ye?" leered Milligan. "Purty high ol' times for you artists."

Æneas squirmed as the Savonarola eyes moved his way. He clutched up the white blanket.

"It's the devil's work!" Milligan's voice was triumphant. He scuttered through the door, looking for all the world like a disabled yellow pelican.

"Another one of your respectable citizens," said Roberta.

"Certainly I am not like that," Æneas declared.

"Be fair to Mr. Milligan," she said. "What would you have thought in his place?"

She resumed the interrupted breakfast. He felt better after the second cup of tea.

"Anything else you want?"

"I'd like a cigarette," he answered, "and—and a pair of trousers."

"Our last hope for trousers," said Roberta, "went shrieking into the storm a little while ago. I am a bold woman, but I would hesitate now to ask Mr. Milligan the loan of his pants."

"Oh, by no means!" exclaimed Æneas.

"And he's the only gentleman I know on the island," continued Roberta. "Where did you leave your own?"

"I wish I knew!" Æneas was fervent.

"Been havin' one of them orgies, ain't ye?" leered Milligan. "Purty high ol' times for you artists."

"That's a good beginning," said Roberta. "Go on—tell me all."

Æneas sketched the episode, beginning with the seventh drink at the country club.

"It's just like one of those close-to-Nature maniacs," she laughed, "who go into the woods naked to wrest a living from the wilds and come out in thirty days, wearing a plug hat made out of birch bark and a vest of woven daisies."

"It's not at all funny," protested Æneas, "and, besides, they always come out in seven days, suffering from poison oak and arrested for catching rabbits with a simple trap made of willow boughs."

"Yours is a mind," Roberta decided, gravely, "that needs pants."

"They would have helped," insisted Æneas, "when Milligan was here. I felt like a criminal, hiding beneath the blanket."

"Why hide?" she demanded.

"One simply cannot face howling virtue," he replied, "in a pair of green trunks."

She shuddered.

"I'm sorry," he said. "If *you* feel that way, imagine *my* feelings, being rescued, practically naked, by a strange young woman."

"Remember that I am an artist—an immoral artist," she put in. "You've heard of life classes?"

"Certainly," replied Æneas, brazenly. "Undraped models and all that. But isn't your viewpoint selfish? Imagine, as I was saying, *my* feelings."

"Your chief trouble is that you think exactly like Mr. Milligan. In a way, you become guilty of the things that are in the Milligan mind."

"IF you compare me with that man again," he threatened, "I'll jump back in the Sound. What's more, that psychoanalytical talk sounds just like the intelligentsia."

"If you say *that* again, I'll take you out and *throw* you in the Sound. You're the most ungrateful man I ever rescued from drowning."

"Did you ever have a dream," he asked, suddenly, "where you were walking down a crowded street without trousers?"

"Not exactly. But I know what you mean."

"What would you do," he continued, "if a girl slapped your face?"

"I'd probably slap her right back. It would depend on the circumstances."

"I mean, if you were a man."

"Oh, then I'd slap her back regardless of circumstances."

"That settles it," declared Æneas. "I am about to arise and face the world cloaked in native dignity and a pair of odious green trunks."

"You'll catch your death of cold!" she cried. "And those trunks! That green!"

"In them I will confront the awful Milligan!" he exclaimed. "Trunks is royal raiment when worn for virtue's sake!"

"Mr. Milligan's had enough fun for one day," she declared. "I can appreciate the moralistic idea, but I don't propose to coddle it."

She went across the room and rummaged in the shadows. She emerged jubilant, flourishing a bundle of heliotrope chiffon.

"Just the thing!" she called. "A Greek tunic!"

"Just the thing for what?"

"To take the place of the absent pants. It's an old model's costume. At least, it will cover those poisonous green trunks."

She hustled him, blanketed, off the couch and herded him behind the screen.

"Were the winters very severe in ancient Greece?" he asked presently.

"Hurry up," she warned him. "I think I have some bad news for you."

"One more hook-and-eye, and I'll be ready for anything," he answered.

He stepped from behind the screen clad

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-THREE]

in the tunic, with the blanket draped over his shoulders.

"I think we're going to have company," she told him.

Through the mist came the sound of a sturdy engine slackening for a landing and the voices of men and women.

"A rescue party!" he cried. "With my pants!"

"I'm afraid not," Roberta said. "As a matter of fact, I expect some people from town."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Æneas. "Is it anybody I know?"

"How can I tell? I don't even know who *you* are."

"But they'll see me!"

"You *do* miss the pants, don't you, for all your boasting behind the screen?"

"I feel like the Queen of the May in this," he mourned. "If it was only pants! And if it wasn't lavender!"

THEY could hear the boat scraping the pier. Cheery voices called.

"Quick! Up on that table!" ordered Roberta. "No, not under it!"

Bewildered, he crawled up. She swung an easel into place. She caught up a palette and a handful of brushes.

"This is inspiration!" she cried. "You are my model. Keep that kneeling position. Have you ever seen the picture of Psyche at the Spring?"

"The girl on the lithia water bottle?" he queried.

"Yes. Do like that—so! Great!"

"Couldn't I be a sleeping Cupid?" he begged. "This is going to be a tough pose."

"You won't have to hold the pose long. I'll tell you 'Rest,' soon after they come in. That'll be your cue to make a dignified exit for the screen."

"You're one of Nature's noblewomen!" His voice was emotional.

"Also, it's a good way to get rid of them," she concluded. "Surely they'll have sense enough to leave when they see I'm working."

There were footsteps on the walk.

"What ho, within the citadel!" a voice sang out.

"What ho, indeed," muttered Æneas.

His head was turned away from the door when the party, half a dozen young men and women, entered. He felt like a heliotrope ostrich seeking to hide its head in shadows.

"What does that float represent?" gayly demanded one of the visitors. Æneas felt a panic of suspicion.

"Pardon me a few minutes," said Roberta. "The light's failing, and I want to take advantage of what's left. Pretty bad weather, isn't it?"

"The mist," someone answered, "is like a gray leopard stalking across the water."

"Isn't it, though?" replied Roberta. "Steady, there, model."

Psyche had almost dived into the spring. That line about the gray leopard! That voice! Boris Merling, most despicable of Bohemians!

"I trust," giggled one of the girls, "that this is one of those models who just pose for the head and shoulders."

The laugh that saluted this observation shredded the last fragments of Æneas' nerves, because in the merry chorus was blended a laugh that was precious to him. Alicia's laugh! This was the artist's studio she had wished him to visit! And this was the visit. Æneas grew dizzy.

"Just think—a real, live model!" another of the girls exclaimed. "Isn't it just too Bohemian?"

Then Alicia's voice.

"Is it a man?"

Æneas could feel his ears and the back of his neck growing red and swelling. His pulse was pounding.

"Well, those heliotrope kilts are deceiving," said Alicia.

His strained muscles protested with violent trembling. Desperately he contemplated a headlong jump through one of the windows. His eyes went appealingly to Roberta. He saw Merling edging behind her.

"Isn't it a new stunt," asked Merling, "to use a human model for a landscape painting?"

"You may rest, model," said Roberta.

The cue came to Æneas like the report of a starter's gun to a sprinter. But his cramped muscles refused to obey.

His head was a crazy merry-go-round of emotions. His chief idea was to snatch up the blanket, cover his head, and dash for the screen—or the door.

He started, lost his balance, and pitched headforemost to the floor. One of the girls screamed. He clawed for the blanket. His fingers closed instead over the bottle. Idiotically he felt the necessity for saying some light, little thing to gloss the episode.

He struggled to his knees and gestured with the bottle.

"A night," he stated, "in the Latin quarter, by Murger."

"Æneas Hutton!" Alicia's voice was terrible.

Æneas sought composure with the social tone:

"Oh, hullo, Alicia. Fancy meeting you here!"

"Hypocrite!" She jabbed the word at him.

The others fell back. Æneas felt like a martyr in a pitifully small arena with an efficient lioness. Merling was grinning.

"Hypocrite!" cried Alicia again. "So this is why you sneaked out of coming with me today——"

"Alicia, dear, I had no more idea——"

"Of course not!" Her scorn was furious. "You had no idea that you would be trapped here."

"Let me explain——"

"It doesn't need any explanation, thank you," said Alicia, coldly now. "I see through your deception plainly enough. I see why you deliberately quarreled with me, why you almost struck me——"

"Alicia!" His exclamation was horrified.

"Sneering at the innocent pranks of Bohemians," she went on, "and going around half naked and drunk like a—like a saturnalia."

SHE took Merling's arm and went to the door. The abashed Bohemians followed, and after them Æneas. He pursued them down the pier and to their boat.

Merling confronted him.

"You've been drinking, Hutton," charged the poet.

Æneas swung his fist. It caught Merling on the jaw. He clawed the air and, squealing, tumbled into the water. As the others hauled him into the boat, Æneas leaned over from the pier.

"You and your gray leopards!" he said disdainfully.

He strode back to the cabin, a yard of heliotrope fluttering dismally behind him.

"Well, you wanted to get rid of them," he said.

"Is that the girl," asked Roberta—"the one who slapped you? Why did you let that snooping imitation of a poet run off with her? Why didn't you stop 'em?"

He held out the heliotrope skirt with the air of a dejected ballet dancer.

"Pants!" he muttered hopelessly. "Pants! I simply couldn't do it without pants."

"Didn't you notice," she asked, "that these Bohemians were all as shocked as Mr. Milligan? At heart, they're all Milligans except, perhaps—is her name Alicia?"

"Well, if *she* thought that way," declared Æneas, "she can have that poet with the colored animals——"

"She's too sensible," said Roberta.

"Then, why did she say those things?"

"REALLY, I should put you back in the water," said Roberta, "the way fishermen do when they've caught a trout that isn't fully grown."

There flashed into his mind the taunt that Alicia had spoken the night before. He braced himself mightily:

"For all of me, she can go to hell!"

"Bravo!" exclaimed Roberta. "Could you tell her that to her face?"

"Just give me the chance!"

"And could you pay back that slap?"

"Could I?" There was rare relish in his words.

"Come on, then," ordered Roberta. "It's getting late."

She led the way to the pier and the asthmatic motor boat.

"There's an ulster in one of those lockers," she said.

"But no pants," said Æneas.

"Was that a note of regret I detected?".

"The note that you detected," said Æneas, "was one of rugged determination."

She spun the heavy wheel. The engine coughed a meek protest as the little boat headed pluckily into the rough waters of the Sound.

It was after dark when a suspicious taxicab driver discharged his strange fare at the Graves's curbing. Æneas brushed past the stuttering Graves's butler.

Alicia was sitting by the fireplace weeping.

"Æneas, dear!" cried Alicia.

He held up his hand sternly.

"Not a word from you," he ordered, "until I have spoken."

With a grand gesture he tossed aside a plaid ulster. He stood uncompromisingly in the heliotrope tunic. One torn strip dangled to the floor like the ghost of a tail. There was a glimpse of the awfully green trunks. His legs displayed startled knees before diving into an enormous pair of sea boots. He folded his arms—an heroic, classical scarecrow.

"No pants," announced Æneas.

"No, Æneas," meekly.

"Alicia—you can go to hell!"

"Yes, Æneas, dear."

"It is you who are the hypocrite. As for your Bohemians——"

"I despise them," interrupted Alicia.

"And that snooping imitation of a poet?"

"Don't speak of him!"

She was coming toward him. He rallied himself for a final effort.

"Last night," he said, "you told me that I ought to slap you."

"Yes, Æneas."

"Tonight I know that you were right."

"I deserve a good slap."

"Then hold up your face."

She did—very bravely and very close to him.

Æneas raised his arm. She smiled. He raised both his arms.

THE END

Twin Roses of Cathay—Real and Artificial

Captions by ALVA TAYLOR

Melbourne-Spurr Photos.

CHINA'S CONTRIBUTION to the American screen, Anna May Wong (above), is that gorgeous, exotic little creature who last was seen in Douglas Fairbanks' Arabian Nights extravaganza, The Thief of Bagdad. She brings to the films a pearl-like beauty and a splendid histrionic talent.

WHEN WEST IS EAST might apply to the case of pretty Marion Nixon (left), who, as you may suspect, does not hail from China at all, but has merely donned a mandarin coat and borrowed a birdie for this picture. Marion plays in western pictures, and usually boards a horse before the day's work is done. She is with Hoot Gibson, Universal's joyous young cowboy, now.

A PAGE *of* MOVIE REVIEWS

By Alva Taylor

FIFTH AVENUE MODELS

From the Novel, The Best in Life, by Muriel Hine

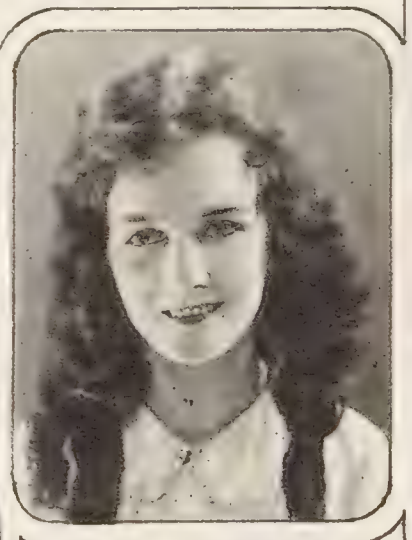
Directed by Svend Gade A Universal Picture

THE CAST:

Isobel Ludani.....*Mary Philbin*
Francis Doran.....*Norman Kerry*
Joseph Ludani.....*Joseph Swickard*
Abel von Groot.....*William Conklin*
Mrs. Tory Serecold.....*Rosemary Theby*
Madame Suze.....*Rose Dione*
Rosalie.....*Betty Francisco*
Crook.....*Jean Hersholt*
Crook's Henchman.....*Mike Donlin*

FIFTH AVENUE MODELS is not the kind of picture you might suspect from the title. It is not mainly concerned with the display of fashions that Paris is offering for the advance season. One is not led through reel after reel of fluffy ruffles and pirouetting manikins. True, there is a fashion show, but it is not the center of attraction. It is not the event around which the picture is built, but merely incidental. Therefore, don't take Fifth Avenue Models off your movie calling list, for if you do you'll miss an excellent picture.

Mary Philbin and



Mary Philbin

Norman Kerry

Norman Kerry, who made their success together a year or so ago, are again cast together in this picture, which is one of the reasons that you ought to see it. There is no other couple on the screen who have more charm to offer than these two.

Mary Philbin is Isobel Ludani, the daughter of a painter, who, says the subtitle introducing him, is too great an artist to be a success. However, this is a happy picture, and so you needn't worry that his genius won't find recognition in dollars and cents at the end. But meantime Isobel and her father must live, and so Isobel works in Madame Suze's Fifth Avenue gown establishment.

Norman Kerry is Francis Doran, wealthy dealer in paintings, whose experience with women is not as great as with works of art. It takes him a reel or so to find out that all working girls don't have friends who distribute pearls as freely as ice cream sodas.

There is plenty of good plot. The picture painted of Greenwich Village is a little idealized. There is also a rather extended series of episodes about a Sunken Ship Cafe, a feature which so fascinated the director that he almost forgot to go on with the story. This makes somewhat of a drag, but the excellence of the direction and the production on the whole is enough to make up for more faults than this.

THE NIGHT CLUB

From the Play, After Five, by William DeMille

Directed by Frank Urson and Paul Iribe

A Paramount Picture

THE CAST:

Robert White.....*Raymond Griffith*
Edith Henderson.....*Vera Reynolds*
Diablo.....*Wallace Beery*
Carmen.....*Louise Fazenda*

THE NIGHT CLUB is farce, breaking over the boundary line into slap-stick comedy, with Raymond Griffith a regular high-hat comedian. It's one of the most

Raymond Griffith and Louise Fazenda in *The Night Club.*

exuberantly entertaining bits of screen production that I have laughed at in some time. The screen needs more of such wholesome fun. You ought to get a laugh out of it every half minute.

Raymond Griffith is Robert White, a bachelor about to be sacrificed at the matrimonial altar when the picture opens. He is deserted at the altar when the believed-dead fiance of the bride rushes in upon the scene. Robert White then and there vows to shun all women. Enter a lawyer with his uncle's will. Robert is to have a million dollars when he marries the uncle's ward, Edith.

Vera Reynolds

Never having seen the young lady, Robert does not know what he is missing, but flees abroad to avoid meeting her. A million dollars is not enough inducement to make him forsake bachelorhood. Events move fast, furiously, and funnily. The plot is absorbing and the farce excellent. Raymond Griffith cannot fail to charm you.

NEXT WEEK *Miss Taylor will review The Shock Punch, a Paramount picture; The Sporting Venus, produced by Metro-Goldwyn, and The Talker, by First National.*

SOUL FIRE

From the Play, Great Music, by Martin Brown

Directed by J. S. Robertson First National Picture

THE CAST:

Eric Fane.....*Richard Barthelmess*
Teita.....*Bessie Love*
The Princess Rhea.....*Carlotta Monterey*
Howard Fane.....*Lee Baker*
Mrs. Fane.....*Effie Shannon*
The Old Musician.....*Gus Weinberg*
San Francisco Sal.....*Helen Ware*
Herbert Jones.....*Walter Long*

THE story of Soul Fire, Richard Barthelmess' latest picture, is presented in a most interesting and different way. The whole picture represents a musical composition by the hero, Eric Fane, son of a rich business man, who wanted to express himself with music, but who had to live before he could find the music that he felt sure was in him.

Finally, after experiences which would make

Richard Barthelmess and Bessie Love in *Soul Fire.*

even a less sensitive person than Eric Fane feel that he had lived a life, the music comes to him. He writes a symphony which, when offered to the public, proves him a genius.

A prologue to the main events of the picture presents the critics at the symphony performance. The music begins, and the picture fades into the Italian episode which is the first movement of the symphony, as portrayed on the silver screen. It shows Eric Fane discouraged, pestered by an unsympathetic family who want him to give up his music and go into his father's business.

The music is telling the story. Between each movement of the symphony the picture fades back to the concert hall, where the critics sit in judgment. The four main parts of the picture, set in Italy, Paris, Port Said, and the South Seas, are the four movements of the symphony. The story is full of drama.

Richard Barthelmess has ample opportunity to act with the genuine ability which has made him a star. Bessie Love is cast in a part which brings out her elfin prettiness.

Madame JUDAS

An Exciting Serial of Woman Against Woman in the Tangled Web of a Murder Mystery

By Margaret TURNBULL

Pictures by WILLIAM KEMP STARRETT

BEFORE court next morning, the district attorney was confronted in his office by Andrew Dickerson. "Jernay," he began, "we're up against something queer. Sam Sands was found last night suffering from a fractured skull."

WHO'S WHO *in the* FIFTH INSTALLMENT

ANDREW DICKERSON, *brilliant attorney, who is conducting the difficult defense of*

DR. GILBERT ELIOT, *promising young physician of Willett's Bridge, Pennsylvania. Doctor Eliot is being tried on the charge of having given a deadly dose of arsenic to his employer,*

DR. CHARLES FAIRLIE, *the best-liked man in the county. Doctor Eliot was supposed to have committed the murder through love for*

LAURA FAIRLIE, *Doctor Fairlie's beautiful wife, a Connecticut woman whom Doctor Fairlie had married some months before his death, and who appears anxious to see Doctor Eliot punished. In this she is opposed by*

EVE HAMILTON, *beautiful, twenty-seven, unmarried, and sole survivor of her wealthy family. Eve had been a friend of both physicians, and believes in Doctor Eliot's innocence. She enlists the aid of*

JULIET JACKSON, *a keen-witted newspaper woman known as The Female Ferret, to investigate Laura Fairlie's past, in the hope of discrediting the testimony which*

TOM JERNAY, *district attorney, draws from Laura. Laura's story implies that Doctor Eliot had prepared all the medicines given Doctor Fairlie, and that he and Eve had kept her from visiting the sick room. Court adjourns for the day, and that night Laura telephones Eve, requesting that she remove a picture bequeathed her by Doctor Fairlie. Next day Laura concludes her story by saying that Doctor Fairlie loved Eve. Dickerson, not having heard from Juliet Jackson, agrees to postpone cross-examination until Laura has rested, and Jernay calls*

HILDA SWENSON, *a servant in the Fairlie home. Hilda surprises everyone by testifying that*

LUIS RAMON, *a Spanish chauffeur whom Doctor Fairlie had employed shortly before his death, and who cannot now be found, had given Doctor Fairlie "white medicine" in coffee. Court adjourns, and Andrew Dickerson goes to keep a dinner engagement with Eve and to meet Juliet, who has now arrived in town.*

BILL DAVIS was waiting for Andrew Dickerson when Andrew came down the courthouse steps.

"I'm to drive you to Hamilton House at once. Eve says her dinner's informal, and you're to come as you are. She didn't wait for you herself because—well, because she's done in with today's rotten session. It was beastly—for her."

"Damned outrage!" Andrew swore, and in a quiet, kindly voice dissected District Attorney Jernay's family tree, root and branch, naming the different professions in which he judged his male and female forebears had been engaged, with awful Elizabethan candor.

Once on the high road to Willett's Bridge, Andrew looked at Bill Davis speculatively:

"How did you, as a layman, take that assault on Miss Hamilton by Mrs. Fairlie?"

"I wanted to rise up and hit Jernay so hard that he wouldn't be able to try any case for a year or more."

Andrew nodded. "Understood. Aside from that, how did you feel about it?"

Bill Davis looked at him interestedly. "Of course, I'm only an architect and a golf player—no lawyer—but it struck me that Jernay and the pretty widow were trying to direct attention to Miss Eve, to, well—to whitewash someone else's reputation."

Andrew beamed on him. "Good egg!

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Don't think any harder than that, Bill, and you're priceless to me."

Bill grinned. "Get you! Average man. Sort of thermometer, eh?"

"Something like that," Andrew agreed. "Get offended if you want to, but it makes you pretty damned valuable to a man like me."

MISS HAMILTON'S housekeeper met them at the door, told Bill to see that Mr. Dickerson had everything he wanted, as he knew the way to the west wing where the gentlemen were always lodged, and informed them that Miss Hamilton would join them in the library in fifteen minutes.

Bill found Andrew a very silent companion during that wait.

At length there was a subdued clamor of greeting in the hall outside the library door, and then the door opened and Eve, with her arm about Juliet Jackson, came in.

"Here you are!" Juliet called jovially. "Greetings, Andy of the beetle brows and brindled hair. Remember I was with you on the Peale case?"

Andrew looked down on her, smiling. "As I live, The Human—no—The Female Ferret!"

Bill Davis' mirth exploded in a honking laugh as he watched Eve's face.

They turned together, Andrew and Juliet, her hand still in his.

"Why, it was Andrew Dickerson who christened me 'The Female Ferret,'" she told Eve gayly. "It was the greatest compliment I'd ever had in all my wild career, for it was The Female Ferret who unearthed the clews."

"It was," Andrew Dickerson affirmed admiringly. "Went right down into their holes after the rats and chased out those she didn't kill. It was The Ferret's work that made a conviction possible. Doesn't look it, does she? I've always wanted to thank you for it, Mrs. Jackson, but you disappear with the same unexpectedness and rapidity with which you appear."

"It's all in the day's work," Juliet told him, smiling over at Bill Davis. "Newspaper men and women expect no individual praise or blame. But you were great in that case, Andy! For heaven's sake, Eve! How long do you intend to keep me smiling at this young man, without giving us the proper 'Who's who'? I always succumb instantly to six feet and over—when it so evidently admires me."

During the introduction, Andrew, standing near the old black walnut desk that had belonged to Eve's great-grandfather, unconsciously let his sensitive, appreciative fingers stray over the carved head of Minerva, on the panel at the side, and was presently aware that Eve was speaking to him:

"How did you know about the secret panel, and the spring among Minerva's curls?"

"I didn't know," Andrew told her, smiling. "Do you keep hidden gold or mysterious papers there?"

"Letters," Eve said briefly, her fingers tightening about the stem of her cocktail glass. Andrew noted she did not drink.

"I'm curious to know whose letters are treasured so secretly," Andrew told her.

"I don't know myself. They're unsigned—but they've nothing to do with the case," Eve assured him, and turned to answer a question Juliet called across the room.

When she turned back to him, she was startled by the look Andrew Dickerson gave her. She did not understand it, but, wondering vaguely what it meant, said:

"Has—has Juliet told you anything about the result of her investigation? Or is there anything that I ought to know? Anything that has happened since court adjourned?"

"Not at all, Miss Hamilton." With a wrench Andrew brought himself back from dreams to realities. "I haven't had time to exchange a word with Mrs. Jackson yet, and she mailed nothing. We'll let her enjoy herself, too, and after dinner she will probably tell us what she has found—if anything. And please don't worry. The other side seem to score at present, but in reality they made a wrong step this afternoon, and we'll make them pay for it. Only, I can't help blaming you. You should have told me—what Mrs. Fairlie said to you about the doctor. Was that one of the things you judged nonessential?"

Eve's face flamed. "I never dreamt she'd dare to speak of it, because of what came before and—after. But now, I'll tell you—everything."

"High time. Not tonight, however," Andrew told her compassionately. "You've had all that a woman can very well stand today, and I want to tell you that I think you one of the pluckiest women I know."

She flushed at his praise, and, usually as ready tongued as ready witted, was slow to find words, feeling relieved when the summons to dinner interrupted them.

IT was a gay little dinner. Juliet, not having been in court, had none of its deadly atmosphere clinging to her, and gave them her best, and Juliet's best was very good.

After dinner, the housekeeper discreetly disappearing, as they stood for a moment smoking by the fire in the wide hall before returning to the library, the telephone gave an odd, stuttering ring. Juliet looked inquiringly at Eve, for no one, servant or mistress, attempted to answer it.

Eve, looking up, met Juliet's eye, and smiled understandingly. "Someone uses the wire, every once in so often, to signal to someone else on the line. I imagine it's probably children who have a secret signal. If you go to the telephone when it rings like that, you will hear, faint and far away, a voice say simply, 'Ten, ten, double-ten.' Just that and nothing more. Odd, isn't it?"

"Very," Juliet said gravely and went to the telephone and lifted the receiver, listening. Then as she put it down: "I suppose everybody listens in."

Eve smiled. "They are accused of it, anyway. But this is a semi-private wire. It connects Doctor Fairlie's place and this house only, with the main line. We built it ourselves, or rather paid for the building of it. It may be some local operator and her admirer who have a signal code."

Juliet agreed idly, but Andrew Dickerson noted with amusement that she was not satisfied, and smiled as he said to Eve: "Don't imagine that that will satisfy The Ferret. I'm willing to bet Davis that in three days The Ferret will have found out who and why."

"Take your bet," Bill Davis said, grinning broadly. "I'm betting on Willett's Bridge. It keeps a secret—if it wants to. This isn't the city, you know, Dickerson; this is a village populated by slow, secretive Quaker stock. I'll bet you ten it takes at least five days."

"Done."

Juliet grinned, without saying a word.

"Make him lose his money, Mrs. Jackson. I'm your oldest acquaintance, and I'm just as tall as he is," Andrew Dickerson told her.

Juliet grinned again. "Ah, but Andy, I'm

THEY were bringing in a man, his head bruised, wholly unconscious; looking like one dead.

new and strange and exciting to him, and to you—I'm an old story."

"Perish the thought, my dear Ferret. You are just as strange and bewildering to me as the day I first laid eyes upon your rusty locks."

Juliet grinned at him impishly.

BILL DAVIS turned on the phonograph, and came fox-trotting up to Juliet, who threw away her cigarette and went swinging down the long hall saying, with a sigh of satisfaction:

"You *can* dance!"

Andrew Dickerson glanced toward the lady of the house, who was leaning against the end of the mantel.

He came toward her, with more diffidence than he had thought himself capable of feeling: "I can dance, too, after a fashion. Will you risk it?"

Eve, feeling curiously reluctant, nodded and slid into his arms.

He danced almost as well as Bill, but without Bill's eccentricities of step. Eve, finding her steps fitting into his without effort, prepared to enjoy herself, but as they turned a corner to avoid Juliet and Bill she was thrown against him unexpectedly, and his grasp tightened. The man's touch disturbed her. She was furious at herself. She said quickly, to cover her embarrassment:

"I forgot to tell you. Mrs. Fairlie telephoned me last night."

"What!" Andrew almost lost step in his astonishment.

Eve nodded. "After I had gone to bed. It wasn't very late, though. She called up to know when I could come—and get the picture."

"What picture?"

"Didn't you know that Doctor Charlie left me his father's picture and twenty-five thousand dollars, in his will?"

"Oh, yes, I remember. Well?"

"I told Mrs. Fairlie I could have no communication with her, to see Ethan Halsey—the estate lawyer, you know."

"What did she say?"

"I didn't listen," Eve said. "I was guilty of hanging up the receiver."

Andrew whistled, and stopped dancing.

The other dancers stopped with them, and as Bill went to manipulate the phonograph, Juliet came to them.

"I heard," she said, briefly. "What do you make of it?"

"The ways of women are past finding out," Andrew commented. "Why bother about the picture, or any other picture, now? Especially enough to call up a woman you are scarcely on speaking terms with."

"I'm dying to see her," Juliet mused. "Meanwhile, Brother Andrew, belonging as we do to the Ancient and Honorable Order of Those Who Work While Others Sleep, let us depart to your office and—to business."

Eve protested that they could use the library, but Andrew shook his head and Bill grinned cheerfully. "I'll run you both downtown. Eve's tired, or ought to be. Business first, last, and every time, is your motto, I can see."

Abruptly the doorbell rang—so violently that Bill Davis, who was nearest the door, opened it without waiting for the servant to come.

A white-faced, frightened motorist stood in the doorway. "For God's sake, telephone for a doctor! A man's hurt! They're bringing him here until——"

"That's right. Bring him in here," Eve called, and began giving orders to the servant to bring linen and brandy, while Juliet cleared the big couch near the fire, and Eve herself telephoned for the doctor. Bill Davis and Andrew Dickerson had gone out into the night, following the motorist.

As Eve turned from the telephone with the assurance that the doctor was on his way, they were bringing in a man, his head bruised, wholly unconscious, looking in truth like one dead.

Eve moved forward to meet them, and as they lowered him to the couch gave an exclamation of surprise.

"Sam! It's Sam Sands!"

"You know him?" Juliet asked, as she bent to help.

"Of course I do. It's Sam, Doctor Charlie's old man, his chauffeur before the Spaniard came. He is one of the witnesses for the defense. Oh, why doesn't the doctor come!"

Juliet Jackson straightened up. She watched Eve busy herself with the man while she listened to what the motorist who had brought Sam to them said to Andrew Dickerson:

"It looks like a plant, to me. We were coming along, pretty good clip, and by God's good luck I happened to be watching the road, and stopped just in time to see what it was in front of us."

Then, in answer to Andrew's question: "Don't think he is anywhere near dead. Fractured skull, I should say, but whoever did it, dragged him into the road to have the job finished off in good style by the next car that passed, as an accident, and no questions asked. It'll bear looking into."

"It will, indeed," Andrew said, and opened the door to the doctor.

II.

BEFORE court opened next morning the district attorney was confronted in his office by Andrew Dickerson.

"Jernay," he began, without other preface,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

And again the alibi failed

LATE again! For the third time this week she has had to keep dinner hot so long that it isn't fit to eat. And while he really was working, he has a hopeless feeling that the alibi isn't going over.

Even a box of candy won't convince her that there is any reason why he should be the *only* man to work overtime.

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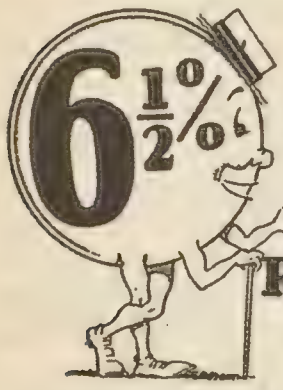

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"we're up against something queer, and I want your help to get at the truth. Sam Sands, Doctor Fairlie's old chauffeur, was found on the road last night suffering from a badly fractured skull."

"Sam," the district attorney said, shrewdly watching Andrew Dickerson, "is one of your witnesses, is he not? Well, what have I to do with the fellow's carelessness in getting run over or knocked down?"

"NOTHING," Andrew admitted, "if that were the case; but although it has been publicly announced that Sam was knocked down by a motor and carried to Miss Hamilton's house last night, and this morning, still unconscious, transferred by ambulance to the hospital, the facts are that Sam was knocked out first and then placed on the road."

"You mean?"

"Yes, I mean just what you mean. Somebody is playing fast and loose with this case, and I want you to help me put my hand on that somebody."

"I'll do anything in my power," Tom Jernay told him, "and yet I feel you must be mistaken. What would be the object in this particular instance? Sam's testimony wasn't so very important, was it?"

"I rather think it was," Andrew told him noncommittally, "and this, happening as it does, tends to corroborate my opinion."

"Yes?" Tom Jernay hesitated, and then, with a shrug of his shoulders: "But how do you know the facts are as you state them? Just at this time people interested in this case are apt to be slightly excitable — even hysterical — and prone to exaggerate any simple happening."

"If you mean my witness, Miss Hamilton," Dickerson told him directly, "dismiss the thought from your mind. I was there when Sam was brought in, and the deductions are my own. I also have the doctor's verification of my suspicions. Sam was unconscious when he was placed upon the road. The blow was from a heavy stick, or weapon of that nature. He was not struck by a car and left lying there. He was placed there to be struck by a car. It looks very much as if whoever hit Sam hoped that a motor would make a complete finish—of his job."

"What's the use of being so damned sensational, Dickerson? However, if I find that there is the slightest reason for suspecting that old Sam's accident is not an accident, you can rest assured I'll get after the man who did it; but till I get some ground to believe your surmises faintly approximate the truth, I'll continue to believe that your zeal has led you astray."

"All right," Andrew Dickerson told him easily. "We'll each do our duty, and see where it lands us. As long as you keep your eyes open, too, I shall feel more secure."

When next Tom Jernay saw Andrew Dickerson he was standing, patient and unflurried, confronting Laura Fairlie.

It was one of those warm, sultry spring days that seem to bring summer before its time and make everybody sleepy, languid, and a little cross. The great semi-circular courtroom, with its long windows, some of which had been opened so that one caught glimpses of the green, sunny square outside, was warm and crowded. Sunbeams danced on the pictures of dead, gone and retired judges that were framed and hung against the wall behind the judge's chair.

Andrew Dickerson began very pleasantly and kindly, with the statement that everybody, of course, knew she was Mrs. Fairlie and the widow of the deceased, but would she give him her maiden name in full?

Without hesitation she answered, "Laura Amabel Needham."

"Are you quite sure of that?"

The whole courtroom was still. It was the last question expected. Naturally, everybody thought Andrew Dickerson would begin to tear apart the testimony Mrs. Fairlie had already given and attack her statements regarding Doctor Charlie's last night.

But Andrew Dickerson never did the expected thing.

As Laura Fairlie did not reply, but simply looked at him in astonishment, Andrew Dickerson went on in the same smooth, unexcited voice:

"Is it not true that your maiden name was Laura Amabel Winslow and that Needham was your first husband's name? Consequently, your name when you married Dr. Charles Fairlie was Laura Amabel Winslow Needham?"

THERE was a sensation in the courtroom, and, of course, the district attorney, sensing this, was on his feet with an objection to the question as irrelevant and immaterial; but the judge, who saw no legal reason why a question regarding the witness' name should not be asked, overruled the objection.

"I will put it in this form, if my legal friend prefers," said Mr. Dickerson, amiably:

"Is it not true that your maiden name was Laura Amabel Winslow; that you were born at Portland, Maine; that your parents moved with you to New Haven, Connecticut, when you were five years old, and that you resided there for twelve years as Laura Amabel Winslow and were there married to Nate or Nathaniel Needham of Hartford, Connecticut, and moved to that town?"

Again the district attorney was on his feet, and again he was overruled and the witness directed to answer.

It was low, it was frightened, but it was "Yes."

Now her dark blue eyes were steely and she did not look at Tom Jernay. It was plain from the attitude of the district attorney and his assistants that of this part of her life she had told them nothing.

Gilbert Eliot, forgetful of himself, leaned forward staring at the witness like a man waking up, who cannot at first orient himself in the strange room in which he wakes.

"And are you not the same Laura Winslow Needham who, seven years after this marriage, was arrested with her father, her two half-brothers, and her husband as having issued counterfeit money against the laws of the United States?"

THE district attorney stormed to his feet and tried his best to interrupt the smooth flow of Andrew Dickerson's question; but Andrew Dickerson, determined to get the facts before his jury, went calmly on, talking through his opponent's excited efforts and to the question's end.

"And, though they were each given seven years, you were given only a reprimand and discharged, as your husband, brothers, and father refused to admit that you had been their accomplice. Is that not so?"

But now the court was in an uproar, with the district attorney loudly demanding that his objection be heard. This time the court sustained the objection, as the question tended to incriminate the witness. Andrew Dickerson, however, having got his facts over, now soothingly pointed out to the frantic Jernay and the ruffled judge that, far from seeking to incriminate the lady, he was taking pains to show that the court had exonerated her.

Laura Fairlie clutched the rail in front of her and looked imploringly, as Eve Hamilton noted with astonishment, at Gilbert Eliot. Then Eve saw Gilbert put his hand on Andrew Dickerson's sleeve; but Andrew, without heeding or looking at him, gently disengaged himself and moved out of reach. Then he said:

"Your Honor, I maintain the relevancy of my questions. I am here to defend a man on trial for his life and honor, and to do that I must show you and these men who represent the State's desire to do justice to any and every citizen, in what kind of household this young man found himself, the kind of woman for whose favors, as our district attorney delicately attempts to show, this dastardly crime was committed."

Nevertheless, the judge maintained that the objection must be sustained; as regards her father, brothers, and husband it was hear-

say, and, as to herself, undoubtedly tended to incriminate her.

Still, Andrew Dickerson did not look disheartened. He had made the facts public in his question, and, whether Laura Fairlie answered or not, she had not instinctively and indignantly denied it. Her look was indeed an answer in the affirmative. No innocent woman, he thought, would have looked like that.

All over the courtroom there was an air of interested astonishment. The audience in the courtroom was taking the facts given them and turning them over and inside out. This was the beautiful Mrs. Fairlie who had been "too fine" for Willett's Bridge, had been bored by its society and "too exclusive" to entertain very largely! It would go hard with Laura Fairlie in Willett's Bridge unless she could turn the tide of public sentiment quickly.

There was a distinct hush over the courtroom as everyone waited for Andrew Dickerson's next question. He seemed quite unconscious of the effect he had made, and went about his business in a simple, matter-of-fact way that went far toward making his points register immediately with the jury and the spectators.

"Did Doctor Fairlie, when he married you, know you had been married before?"

Again the district attorney was on his feet protesting.

"No," was Laura's reluctant answer.

"Why did you not tell him?"

Again the objection, and again Laura was directed to answer.

Skillfully, in her answer, she made her appeal to the jury: "He was a rich man, and my mother and I were poor. I didn't want him to know about my father. My father's crime—was not mine, nor my fault."

"And your first husband died in jail, did he not?"

Again the objection, and this time it was allowed because it related to matters not in evidence.

Andrew Dickerson, who had evidently been waiting for this, instantly submitted for evidence a copy of certain police records in New Haven, showing the facts as he had quoted, and with an affidavit from the police captain of that precinct that it was a true and lawful copy.

There was obvious disturbance in the district attorney's magnificent height of invective and objection, which was silenced by the judge; but it was finally agreed that at the next recess the evidence offered was to be submitted to the district attorney, and then, if he agreed, after familiarizing himself with the exhibit, it was to be admitted in evidence. Further, Andrew Dickerson offered to produce witnesses to the fact, if desired.

Again Andrew Dickerson faced his witness. She was plainly in a panic. Gilbert Eliot was in little better case. White and tense, he strained forward, his eyes on the witness. As for Eve Hamilton, she no longer felt fatigue, no longer felt depressed. It was like wine to her to watch the truth being brought to light, for it was the truth she trusted to make Gilbert Eliot free.

"Is it not true that among your acquaintances in New Haven was a Spaniard known to the police as 'Don Juan', and to others as 'Ramon Luis Silvestra'?"

Again the district attorney quickly interposed an objection to save his witness from answering before the noon recess, and again Andrew Dickerson calmly continued:

"If your honor will permit me, I intend to ask if this same 'Don Juan,' or 'Ramon Luis Silvestra,' did not follow Mrs. Fairlie to Willett's Bridge, enter the house of Dr. Charles Fairlie, and become a part of that household as 'Luis Ramon,' a chauffeur."

III.

THE afternoon session began with a white but composed witness on the stand, a soft-spoken but determined cross-examiner, and an alert and angry district attorney, determined that no further march should be stolen upon him, and yet, as Andrew Dickerson conjectured, thrown out of his reckoning by the embarrassing reticence of this, his own witness.

Though the afternoon was sultry, there was nothing somnolent about the courtroom. The jury and the audience were as alert as the prosecuting attorney.

The witness was directed to answer the question put to her before the close of the morning's session, when that question was put in its proper form.

"Is it true that Luis Ramon, who came to Willett's Bridge and became Doctor Fairlie's chauffeur, was, in fact, one Ramon Luis Silvestra whom you had known in Hartford and New Haven?"

The witness, in a low voice, said something which was thought to be "No," but when Andrew Dickerson turned to her and pleasantly asked her to answer so that the judge and jury might hear, and, pointing to the papers on the table before him, begged leave to remind her that he had police records of all the facts, she stammered out a reluctant:

"Yes."

"Did you conceal this fact from Doctor Fairlie as you had the fact of your former marriage?"

Eve saw Laura's eyes flicker and look quickly toward her and back again. She knew that Laura had considered saying that Doctor Fairlie knew, and then remembered that there was more than one witness to the contrary. Eve watched her breathlessly. With Sam unconscious in the hospital, would Laura risk it? There was a perceptible wait, during which Eve had a momentary sympathy for the woman, stripped of all the petty lies upon which she had built this new life in Willett's Bridge, and pilloried there for all the world to gaze at.

Andrew Dickerson, knowing the value of time in fashioning a defense, waited, and then abruptly said:

"Shall I repeat the question?"

"No, I did not tell him. I let him suppose the man was a stranger. Because, if I told him, I would have to tell him the whole story. And I wanted—I wanted to begin again here—away from the old crowd. I had done nothing wrong. Was it my fault if the man—followed me—tracked me down?"

"Answer my questions, please, as directly as you can. I do not want to argue the facts with you."

But she had done it, swiftly and surely. She had doubled on her tracks and made a grand-stand play, an appeal for sympathy to the public and the jury, and it had been well played, too. Annoyed as he was, Andrew Dickerson gave her credit for that. With that face and that voice, the jury and the public would respond, and did. The district attorney saw that, and his brow became smooth again. Besides, who could say it was not the truth?

"Was it not, rather," Andrew began smoothly, "because you feared that, if he once knew who Silvestra was, he might also learn that the police knew him as 'Don Juan,' and why?"

"Oh, no!"

"And that he was known to have been indirectly the cause of your first husband's death?"

"Oh, no, no!"

Then, abruptly, seemingly satisfied with the result of the questioning, Andrew Dickerson switched to the night of Doctor Charlie's illness and, to everybody's amazement, began questioning her over and over again as to what Doctor Charlie had been given before he left the house that day to make his usual round of visits.

Had he had coffee? Not that she knew of. What had he been given? Over and over again he asked her the same question in various forms, while the district attorney, lynx-eyed, held himself tense, ready to spring to an objection should Dickerson overstep the bounds he had set for his witness. Untiringly Andrew Dickerson probed, until finally, worn out with dodging, the witness admitted:

"While I gave him nothing, absolutely nothing, myself, still I know that he took something, by Doctor Eliot's orders."

Gilbert Eliot straightened himself, listening. Eve, sure it was a lie, or at least a bending of the truth to suit Laura's own scheme of things, watched his face.

"What was it he was given, by Doctor Eliot's orders, as you claim?"

"A dose of medicine from a blue bottle in the office."

Eve saw Gilbert involuntarily pull himself up and shake himself as though he were dreaming. His eyes, which had been dull and lifeless, quickened into life, and Eve knew that, in the light of this answer, he, like herself, was going rapidly over an episode in which Laura Fairlie and a blue bottle had played a prominent part.

The courtroom waited, tense with the feeling that the next moment might give some clew to the way in which the poison had been given Doctor Fairlie.

In the sixth installment, in next week's Liberty, the trail of the poisoner grows hot, as The Female Ferret evolves a daring plan to get to the bottom of the mystery.

MEASURING YOUR MIND

Here Are the Answers and Grades for the Test on Page 38

In this test you were to accredit certain quotations to their proper sources. A number of sources were given for each phrase or sentence quoted on page 38. The underlined words should have been:

1, Hamlet; 2, The Star-Spangled Banner; 3, My Old Kentucky Home; 4, Abraham Lincoln; 5, Auld Lang Syne; 6, the Battle of Bunker Hill; 7, Romeo and Juliet; 8, Longfellow; 9, Cæsar; 10, Wordsworth; 11, Don Quixote; 12, Herrick; 13, Smile, Smile, Smile; 14, Shelley; 15, Patrick Henry.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR GRADING

11 to 15 correct answers	Excellent
7 to 10 correct answers	Good
4 to 6 correct answers	Average
2 to 3 correct answers	Below av.
0 to 2 correct answers	Poor

Watch for another stimulating quiz in next week's Liberty.

THEY chug or purr or rattle up Main Street, pull the cars to a stop, leap out, make a sale, and an hour later drive away at top speed.

Picture by
BENTON H. CLARK

Motorized Salesmen

By PAUL L. KINKEAD

OF ALL the idols of the small-town boy of twenty-six years ago the most magnetic was the drummer as he alighted from the accommodation, handed his grips to the waiting porter, lit a huge cigar, paraded up Main Street, and entered the town's biggest store, the Emporium. We saw him later, tilted back in his chair, in front of the Commercial House, and heard the guffaws as he regaled our local merchants with the latest Broadway funny story.

Something of the romance and glitter went out of the life of the small town with the passing of the drummer, for drummers no longer get off trains, save in rare instances.

A million and a quarter of them are flitting about the United States in little automobiles. They chug or purr or rattle up Main Street, pull the cars to a stop in front of the department store (formerly the general store), leap out, lug their grips into the store, show goods, make a sale, write the order, leap into the flivver, make another stop at the next block, and an hour later they drive away at top speed bound for Lynchburg, then to Winchester, and aim to reach the Big Town by nightfall.

It is estimated that fully 1,250,000 cars are in use by salesmen in the United States, and the Ford company says that about 1,000,000 of its own small coupes built for the purpose are in daily use in selling.

The result has been:

Four to ten times as many calls made and territory covered.

Salesmen are enabled to reach many places off railroads or too small for stopovers.

Small merchants carry smaller stocks because of more frequent opportunities to re-order.

The question of comparative costs of railroad, bus, and individual automobile salesmanship cannot be determined accurately because of contradictory claims, but the majority of operators of large auto fleets allow from seven to eight cents a mile as the cost of operating small cars, which estimate includes gas, oil, repairs, original cost, and all other expenses.

One of the big problems, according to sales-managers, has been to check joy riding in company-owned cars by salesmen. I asked a

Increase Profits

How Gasoline Magic, via the Lowly Flivver, Has Made a New World for 1,250,000 Scouts of Business

veteran salesman about the joy-riding problem and he said:

"That stage is passing. Most of us drive light, practical cars—and even the country-town girls have become too proud to ride in them. Nowadays a salesman needs a big racing car to tempt girls to joy-ride with him."

"I traveled a district in New York State for twenty years by train," one salesman in the New York area told me. "I had the same territory in an automobile for four years. I sold more in the auto, covered the territory in less than a third of the time, reached customers I formerly had to pass up, and spent more time at home and less in hotels. My expense sheets ran higher with the automobile in that district, but if you count expense against number of calls and sales the auto wins."

The extent to which the light auto is being used is little known by the general public, although the tourist who travels main routes gets the idea that one of those little coupes is hiding back of every tree ready to jump out at him. Some idea of the vast numbers of cars operated in selling may be judged from the figures. The American Telephone and Telegraph Company uses 5,200 Ford cars, and finds the auto indispensable in covering territory, in rapid repair and replacement work, and in collections and inspections.

It is probable the combined units of the Standard Oil organization own more cars than any of the big corporations. The exact figure for the entire organization is not available, but Standard Oil of New Jersey alone has 350 cars in its fleet, and Standard of New York operates 740. Armour & Co. has more than 3,000 small cars, Wilson & Co. 1,500, and Beechnut Packing more than 1,000 in selling service. Liggett & Myers lists 1,262 and American Tobacco 610 cars.

The Fleischmann Yeast Company has 2,400, the Rutland Telephone Company 700, and the Thomas Cusack Company more than 1,000. The American Railway Express uses more than 2,000 small cars in its Eastern field alone, the Goodyear Tire Company 700, and the Miller Rubber Company 400.

The Atlantic and Pacific chain of stores, Jones Brothers Tea Company, Banner Roofing Company, Postal Telegraph Company, Colgate & Co., Liberty Yeast Corporation, P. Lorillard Company, Texas Oil, Gulf Oil, Sinclair Oil, Edison Company, and the Consolidated Gas Companies all own and operate big fleets.

I inquired of a number of operators as to the cost and results. Some complain about the expense, although admitting they cannot do business so quickly without automobiles. If that is the case, the problem is to control expense.

I HAVE the figures of one concern using a large number of automobiles, and also of the expenses of their salesmen without cars. The expenses of the salesmen without cars average one hundred and fifteen dollars a week, including railroad fares and hotels. The expenses of those operating cars average one hundred and fifty dollars.

The comparative figures over four months show the men with cars made more than three times as many calls and more than twice as many sales as the ones without cars.

I have a friend who travels out of Cadillac, Michigan, using a light car. In two days he covers Thompsonville, Beulah, Frankfort, Alberta, Empire, Leland, Northport, Sutton's Bay, Traverse City, Elk Lake, Charlevoix, Petoskey, Bear Lake, Boyne City, and half a dozen crossroads towns. He required a full week to cover that same territory before using a car. Now he not only covers that territory but also reaches eleven customers he could not reach without a car. He is skilled with machinery, and, making his own repairs, estimates his expense of upkeep of his car under ten dollars a week, with gas at twenty cents a gallon.

But, aside from these practical features there is an element of value in the use of cars in selling, psychologists have found. They say a man using a car can make a sale quicker and easier than one who arrives at a store on foot.

"If I reached a town on a train," said a veteran salesman, "went to the hotel, and walked to a store, the buyer usually suggested that I wait. Now I find if I drive up in front of a store, stop quickly, jump out, and enter the store briskly, I give the buyer the impression of business. I never hint, of course, I am in a hurry, but the very manner of my arrival creates the impression there is no time to be lost. Before long the buyer is ready with his lists of what is needed, aiding me in speeding up."

THE END

Here's something that anybody can do. It's easier even than Limericks! It's fascinating and exciting. And it's fun!

5c Liberty *Will Pay*

A Weekly for Everybody

$1,000 a Week

for TITLES *to* LIBERTY COVERS

GLANCE at the cover of this week's issue. It contains a picture without a title. What title does the picture suggest to you? For the *eight* best titles which our readers suggest Liberty will pay $1,000 *in cash*. All you have to do is to write your title suggestion, and then tell, in not more than 100 words, your reasons for liking, or not liking, the cover. Prize winners will be announced as soon as possible. Send your titles in. The more the merrier!

Here's next week's cover. You can start thinking about it now.

COUPON *for* COVER TITLE CONTEST

"COVERS," No. 4

Liberty, Post-office Box 1123, Chicago, Illinois.

My suggestion for a title for the Liberty cover of June 27th is:.....

.....

WRITE YOUR TITLE HERE

[On another sheet of paper write not more than 100 words telling why you like (or do not like) this cover. Attach to this coupon and mail it.]

NAME .....

STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

HERE ARE THE RULES:

1. Each week Liberty is printing on its cover a picture without a name. (See cover of this issue.) Each picture will be by a celebrated artist and will tell a story. The public is invited to suggest titles for these cover pictures. Liberty will pay $1,000 in cash each week for the best answers.

2. Eight cash prizes will be paid each week as follows:

1st Prize	$ 500.00
2nd Prize	250.00
3rd Prize	100.00
4th Prize	50.00
5th to 8th Prizes—($25 each)	100.00
TOTAL	$1,000.00

3. This contest is open to every man, woman, boy, and girl, except employees of Liberty and their families.

4. Each entry must contain the following:
   (a) A title suggestion in ten words or less.
   (b) A statement in not more than 100 words telling why you like (or do not like) the cover picture.

5. Contestants may submit as many titles as they wish on the accompanying coupon or on a separate sheet of paper.

6. All entries for this week's contest must be sent to "Covers," care of Liberty, Post-office Box 1123, Chicago, Illinois, and must be in this office by midnight of July 4. No entries will be returned. The winners will be announced in Liberty as soon thereafter as possible.

7. Each entry should be sent by first-class mail, postage prepaid. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department.

8. Originality of thought, cleverness of idea, clearness of expression, neatness and form will count. Entries will be judged first by the title suggestion submitted, and second by the reason for liking or disliking the cover picture.

9. The judges will be a committee appointed by the publishers of Liberty and their decision will be final. If more than one contestant submits the same title suggestion and reasons for liking or disliking the cover, and if such entries are submitted in an equally clear, concise and neat form, a duplicate award will be paid to each such tying contestant.

$1,000 More Next Week!

Adding new interest to Liberty's $50,000 Prize Story Contest

$1.00 a Word

for 100 Words!

DO YOU like love stories? Or do you prefer mystery stories, sea stories, or stories of adventure in the north woods? Almost everybody has a preference. So just to make things interesting while the judges in Liberty's $50,000 Prize Story Contest are reading and passing upon the thousands of manuscripts which have been received Liberty will pay $100 a week for the best letter of not more than one hundred words, which you, or some other reader, send in, describing what sort of story you like (or do not like) to read in a magazine or see in a movie. Nothing difficult about that.

Everybody can compete—except employees of Liberty and their families. It doesn't matter whether you entered the $50,000 contest or not. All you have to do is to put a small cross in the coupon, indicating what kind of story you like (or do not like), and then tell briefly, on a separate sheet of paper, your reasons for liking (or not liking) that kind of story.

Be Sure to Read This Notice

You can vote for (or against) a different type of story every week, but you can only vote for (or against) one kind of story in any one week. Most of us like—or dislike—several kinds of stories. Enter as many of the weekly contests as you want to. We hope you will enter quite a few. All ballots of this week's contest must be in Liberty's Chicago office by midnight, July 4.

You can use the ballot below, or, in place of putting a cross on the ballot and cutting it out of the magazine, you can write at the top of the separate sheet of paper, on which you write your opinion, what kind of story you are voting for (or against)—like this: "I am voting for Stories of Young Love."

Another $100 Next Week!

LIBERTY'S $50,000 PRIZE STORY
BALLOT No. 3

NOTE: Tear out this ballot, place a cross opposite the type of story you do (or do not) like, and tell why you do (or do not) like it, in not more than one hundred words, on a separate sheet of paper. Send to

"*BALLOTS*," Care of Liberty, Post-office Box 1123, Chicago.

$100.00 WILL BE PAID EACH WEEK FOR THE BEST ANSWER

- ☐ *Stories of Young Love*
- ☐ *Mystery Stories*
- ☐ *Adventure Stories*
- ☐ *Sea Stories*
- ☐ *Stories of Small-Town Life*
- ☐ *Stories of the Tropics*
- ☐ *Stories of the Orient*
- ☐ *Stories of the North Woods*
- ☐ *Detective Stories*
- ☐ *Stories of the Early West*
- ☐ *War Stories*
- ☐ *Historical Stories*
- ☐ *Humorous Stories*
- ☐ *Business Stories*
- ☐ *Stories of Married Life*
- ☐ *Stories of the Sports*

NAME .....

STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

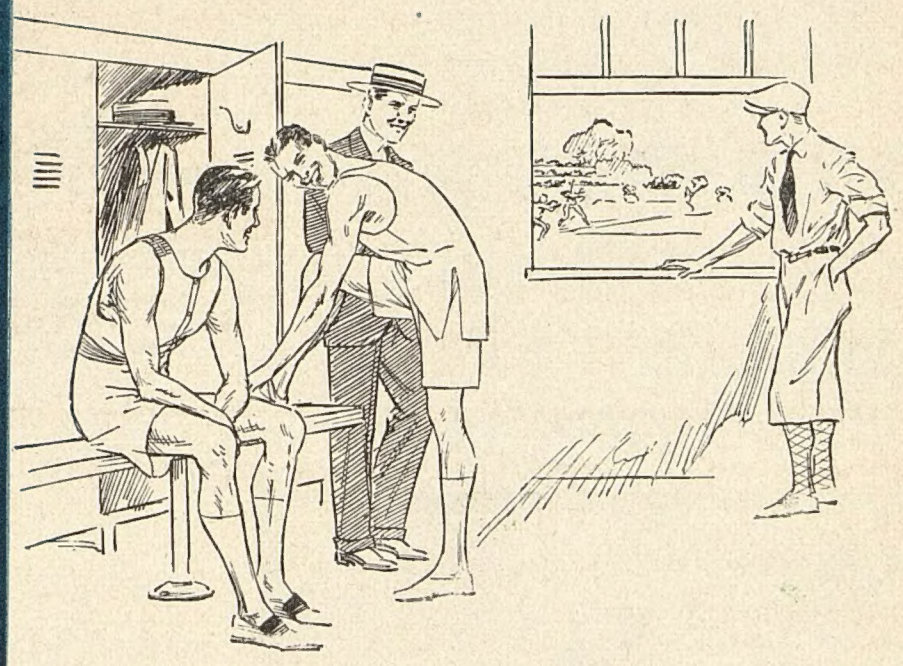
(Issue of June 27)

Not Exactly Dressed~ But *Well*~Dressed Just the Same!

Summer Sports and constant locker~room changes!

Men meeting frequently in underdress!

None so neat and cool as those in good old "B.V.D."!



"Next to myself I like 'B.V.D.' best"

DECADES of world-leadership have enabled The B. V. D. Company, Inc., to put otherwise unattainable values into "B. V. D." Underwear.

The carefully shaped lines, finished tailoring, noticeable drape, and perfect proportions of "B.V.D." stand out, with its unvarying quality, as the product of extraordinary facilities and highly specialized methods used by us alone.

In "B.V. D." Union Suits, the celebrated "B. V. D." closed crotch is patented. So are the construction at the shoulder and the reinforcement at the back of the unique encircling waistband. In all "B.V.D." garments, distinctive design and tailoring achieve the highest ease and fine fit with neither too much nor too little fullness.

And "B.V. D." garments hold their shapeliness through such wash and wear as would play havoc with ordinary underwear. For they are tailored with lock-stitched "can't rip" seams, from cool, super-durable "B.V.D." nainsook, created by special processes in our own mills and bleachery, and used in "B.V.D." and no other underwear.

To avoid those underwear "regrets" which rise so sharply with the thermometer—

We Want You to be Properly Fitted!

FOR the maximum of union suit comfort, be correctly measured for "B.V.D."

Your proper union suit size can always be determined by three simple, encircling, tape-measurements: (1) chest, (2) waist, (3) trunk (under the crotch and over the shoulder).

If you or the retailer are in any doubt as to your size, write The B.V.D. Service Bureau, 350 Broadway, New York City, giving your waist, chest, and trunk measurements, and your problem will receive immediate attention.

"B.V.D."
Union Suit
(Patented Features)

Men's $1.50 the suit
Youths' 85c

"B.V.D."
Shirts and Drawers
85c the garment

Men's "B.V.D." Underwear in fancy materials at various prices

GET THE UNDERWEAR YOU ASK FOR!

INSIST UPON THIS RED WOVEN LABEL

MADE FOR THE B.V.D. BEST RETAIL TRADE

©1925 The B.V.D.Co., Inc.

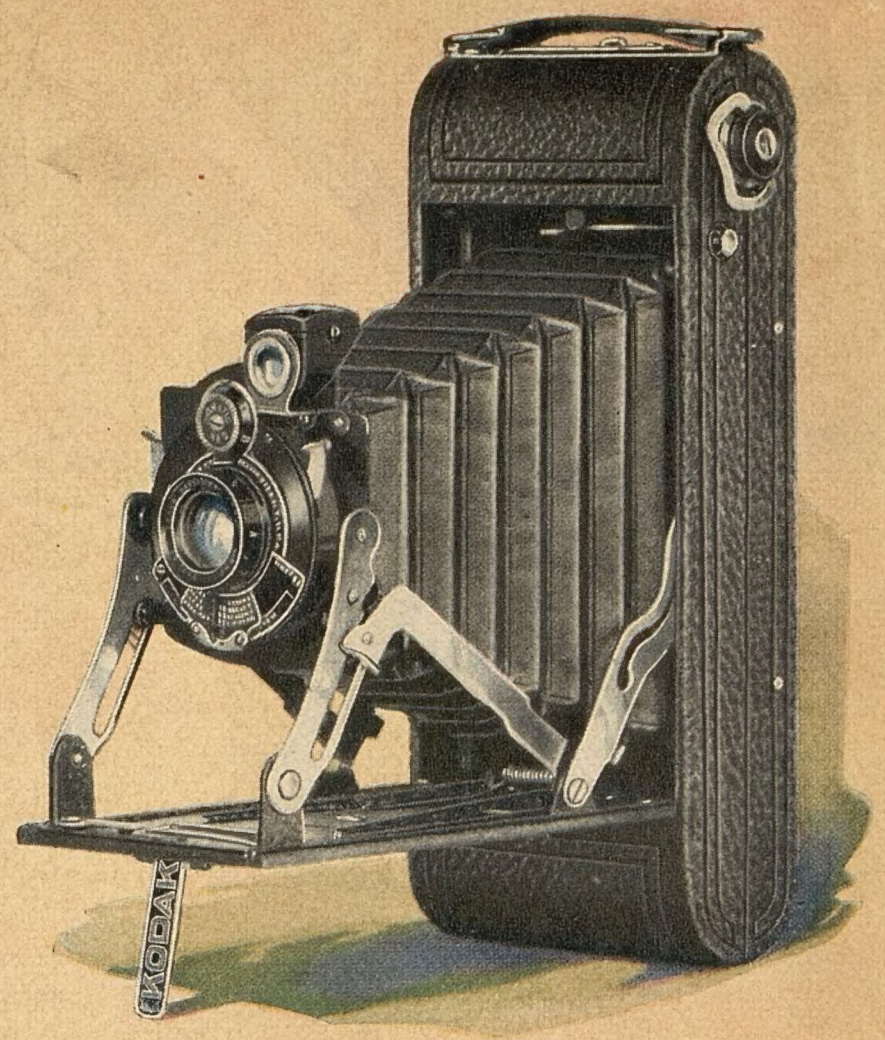
(Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries)

The B.V.D. Company, Inc., New York

Sole Makers of "B.V.D." Underwear

Kodak Simplicity further Simplified

The 1A Pocket Kodak Series II



BY a simple lever mechanism, the front snaps instantly into picture position—ready for business when the camera is opened.

With the Kodak Anastigmat Lens and Diomatic Shutter equipment, it offers a range of efficiency not heretofore obtainable at the price.

Made with the 1A Pocket Kodak, Series II

This superior combination of lens and shutter means better timed, sharper negatives, the evidence of which is plain in the prints—overwhelmingly plain in enlargements.

The focus is prompt and precise. A mere turn of the lens, which is at your finger tips, brings the focus instantly, accurately, while beneath the lens a plainly lettered, simple scale tells you how to fit the exposure to the light.

It's all simple, yet there's speed in the *f*.7.7 lens and a shutter with speeds up to one hundredth part of a second to make that speed available.

And with it all there's ease of loading and beauty of design, and it's really a *pocket* Kodak. It's autographic, of course.

No 1A Pocket Kodak, Series II, for 2½ x 4¼ pictures, equipped with Kodak Anastigmat *f*.7.7 lens and Diomatic shutter—$26.

At your dealer's

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y., *The Kodak City*